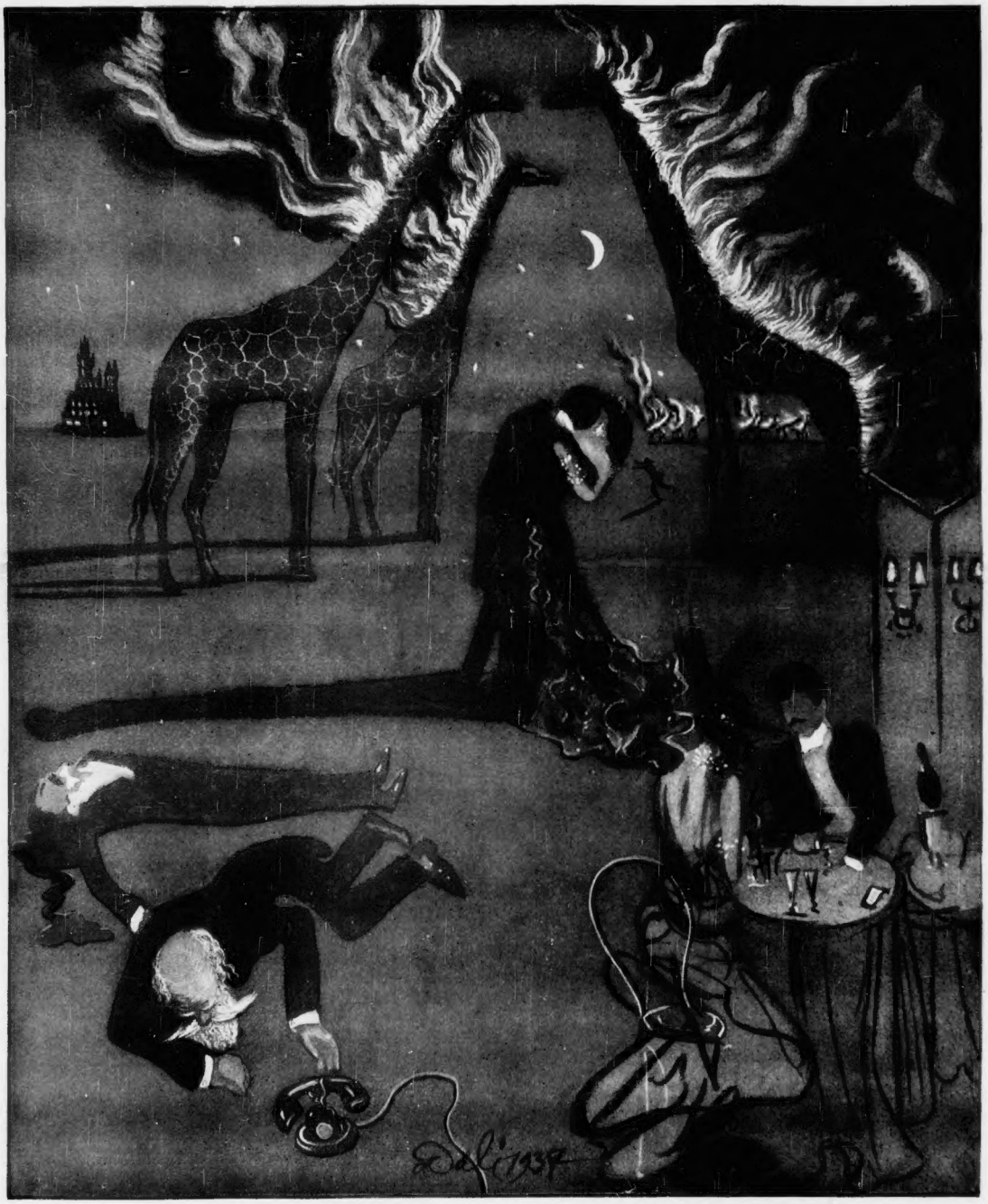
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

Sunday, Jan. 9, 1938



Social Life by DALI

LIFE in the "upper classes" is shown in this satirical drawing by the noted sur-realist-artist, Salvador Dali. In the foreground a fashionably dressed couple sit sipping drinks unconcerned by the destruction of civilization around them. Opposite them two men have fought a duel, symbolizing warring nations. One of the men is dead, the other dying. In the center of the page another couple forget the world with a kiss, while Nature, symbolized by the giraffes, goes up in flames, fired by man's greed, lust, passion and hatred. The castle of the lovers' dreams in the background links up the Middle Ages of darkness with modern times, the social life of which, to Dali, seems to be the greatest tragedy of all.

$100.00 for YOU EVERY MONTH of the YEAR

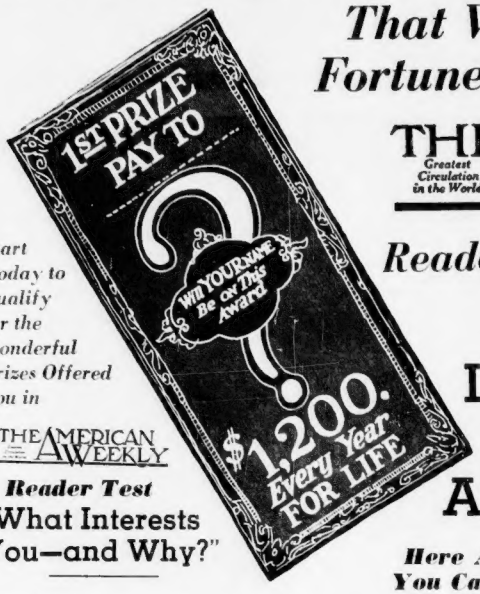
That Will Be Your Good Fortune If You Are First in

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Reader Test Competition

"WHAT INTERESTS YOU— AND WHY?"



Start Today to Qualify for the Wonderful Prizes Offered You in

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Reader Test

"What Interests You—and Why?"

It is Not Too Late to Enter Even If You Missed or Neglected to Make a Beginning With the First Announcement Last Sunday

Here Are the Wonderful Prizes You Can Win With Your Answer

1st PRIZE	**$1,200 a year for life, payable $100 a month**		
2nd PRIZE	**$600 a year for life, payable $50 a month**		
3rd PRIZE	**$3,000 in cash**	**6th to 25th PRIZES**	**$50 each**
4th PRIZE	**$2,000 in cash**	**26th to 65th PRIZES**	**$25 each**
5th PRIZE	**$1,000 in cash**	**66th to 100th PRIZES**	**$10 each**

YOU STILL have four Sundays' competition issues, each one of which affords you the opportunity to get into the game and have four chances at The American Weekly's prizes. And if you have saved last Sunday's American Weekly there is plenty of time to include that in your answers and thus have five chances to win one of the rewards.

Remember—You can qualify with only two answers—but, of course, your chances are better if you send in answers covering all five of the competition issues of The American Weekly.

Read the rules on this page carefully and then get busy. It will mean lots of pleasure for you as well as possibility of great profit.

Sit down in a comfortable chair now with The American Weekly before you. Read it carefully. Make up your mind which articles interested you most. Write down the headings of the articles you select, number them first, second and third choice and then write the editor a note of 50 words or less telling him your reason for your selection of your "First Choice" story.

Next Sunday you will want to do this again. You will have found The American Weekly so absorbingly interesting that you will start reading it almost without thinking of the prize that may be won.

But don't neglect again to make your selections of the three preferred articles and again tell the editor why you rated your first choice article as you placed it.

Each week for the remaining Sundays in January you will have the opportunity to make your selections to be sent to the editor of The American Weekly. Each time you do this you earn one more chance to win those wonderful prizes.

Read the rules of the Reader Test competition carefully. They tell you exactly what you must do. You will see that it is only necessary for you to make your selections from two of the five January Sunday issues of The American Weekly.

The judges will select one single contribution covering one American Weekly issue for each prize. But if you only put the minimum amount of effort in your try for the prizes you will be limited to just two chances for the great prizes. While your neighbor who is also competing and who sends in his selections from all five January issues of The American Weekly will be rewarded with five separate chances to win the awards. What good fortune awaits the person whose contribution is awarded first prize by the judges.

JUST THINK OF IT—A living income for life.

An annuity policy from one of our great life insurance companies.

The company's policy will agree to pay you $1,200 a year for life.

The policy will guarantee you a check for $100 a month every month so long as you shall live.

An assured future free from want for the winner for his whole life.

THEN THERE IS THE SECOND PRIZE. And here, too, the winner receives a life income—not as big as the first prize, but still an amount payable in the same way as the grand prize and as long as you live, and enough to keep you in modest comfort. The second prize is $600 a year for life—monthly checks from the big insurance company each for $50 as long as you live.

Then there are some big cash prizes like these:

For the third best contribution a check for $3,000.

For the fourth best selection there will be a check for $2,000.

For the fifth best selection the prize will be a check for $1,000.

Then there will be twenty prizes of $50 each for the next 20 contributions and $25 each for the next forty best contributions and 35 consolation prizes of $10 each for those the judges deem next deserving.

Remember, there is only one MUST DO item in this Reader Test. You must make one of your entries on the final January 30 issue of The American Weekly and completely fill in and answer the questions asked in Entry Coupon No. 5. This is the questionnaire coupon mentioned in the rules.

And note this warning. Hold each week's entry, the coupon of that week with your selections and reason therefor attached to it until the end of the Reader Test. Then in one single mailing send all your selections to the editor addressed, "Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York."

Rules for The American Weekly Reader Test "What Interests You—and Why?"

1—All competitors must read The American Weekly during the competition period which comprises the five successive Sunday issues of January, 1938, and select the three articles, items or features, all in the same issue, which make the greatest appeal to their interest.

2—Each competitor must rate his selections "First choice, Second choice, and Third choice," in the order of his personal preference and state why he makes his "First choice" selection.

3—Each explanation of preference rating must be set forth in not to exceed 50 words.

4—Clip the entry coupon and fill in the blank spaces as indicated. You must send in one of these coupons for each issue on which you compete. You need not actually clip the coupon from this issue—you may make a facsimile or copy of it and fill in as required in the printed coupon.

5—All competitors must send in at least two sets of selections from two separate American Weekly issues and one of these sets must include the selections from The American Weekly of January 30th, the last week of the Reader Test. If only two sets are sent in you have only two chances for the prizes. If all five sets are sent in you have five separate chances for the prizes.

6—The prizes will be awarded on the merits of one entry covering your selection from one week's issue only, but all candidates can have five entries and therefore five chances to win a prize, by sending in one coupon and one set of selections with reason therefor, for each Sunday issue of The American Weekly during the contest period.

7—Hold your entry coupon and your selections of 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices of features with your explanation for your first choice until the end of the competition.

8—With the fifth and last Sunday of January issues of The American Weekly there will be printed a questionnaire coupon. This must be completely filled in and answered to perfect your entry in the Reader Test for these prizes. You need not clip this questionnaire from The American Weekly. You may copy it from The American Weekly and fill in the answers on your own copy. But your entry will not be considered unless the filled-in questionnaire and your selections from the last American Weekly Reader Test issue are sent to the editor.

9—A complete and valid entry in the Reader Test requires at least two sets of your selections, each set attached to the entry coupon from that issue of The American Weekly. One of these coupons must be the questionnaire coupon which is numbered "Entry Coupon No. 5" and which will appear in the January 30th issue of The American Weekly. All entries must be submitted complete in one mailing.

10—All entries must be mailed to "Reader Test Department, American Weekly," 316 West 57th Street, New York City. All entries must be received by noon on Wednesday, February 23, 1938.

11—It is not necessary to purchase the newspaper distributing The American Weekly as its magazine section in order to compete for the prizes. The magazine section may be examined at any of the distributing newspaper publication offices or at public libraries where such newspapers are available, free of any charge whatsoever, and the entry coupon and the questionnaire may be copied therefrom, and those copies used instead of the originals printed in The American Weekly.

12—The Editor of The American Weekly magazine section will appoint a board of judges who will pass on the merits of each contender's selections and his reasons for his "First Choice" selections, and the judges will designate that entry which they consider best of all those submitted. The person who submitted the entry so adjudged the best will be awarded the first prize. The second selection of the judges will be awarded the second prize, and so on until all the prizes have been awarded. The decision of the judges on the prize winners shall be final and irrevocable and every contender in this Reader Test accepts this condition by the act of entry.

13—In case the judges decide that contributions of any of the contenders for any of the prizes are of equal merit, thus constituting a tie for any of the prizes, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

14—Employes of the newspapers distributing The American Weekly as their magazine sections or of The American Weekly, or members of their families, shall not be qualified as contestants.

Entry Coupon No. 1

AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST

"WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

Print Your Name .....

Print Your Address .....

City .....

County ..... State .....

I Was Born ..... Day ..... Month ..... Year .....

Sign Your Name Here .....

Attach this coupon to your Reader Test selections from this issue. DO NOT MAIL IT NOW—Hold it until the close of the Reader Test after the last January issue of The American Weekly is published, then mail to: Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York.

LOOK FOR THE THIRD CONTEST ISSUE NEXT SUNDAY

Entry Coupon No. 2

AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST

"WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

Print Your Name .....

Print Your Address .....

City .....

County ..... State .....

Sign Your Name Here .....

Attach this coupon to your Reader Test selections from this issue and at the close of the Reader Test after the last January issue of The American Weekly is published, mail to: Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York.

Year's Best Detective Story That Outrivals Fiction

Adventures of the Cheap Pickpocket Who Stole $2,000,000, Couldn't Spend It, and Gave It Back After Having Been Hounded in Three Countries by Secret Police (Some With False Whiskers), and Betrayed by the Lovely Monte Carlo Spy

Countess Pia Davico, the Lovely French Police Spy, Whose Seduction of Mr. Klein Led the Surete Detectives to the Ambitious Little Pickpocket.

A Simple Technique Was Used to Gain Possession of the Bonds. While His Confederate Held an Open Newspaper to Cut Off the View of the Man Behind the Cage, the Thief Drew a Small Bamboo Cane From His Sleeve, Attached Chewing Gum to Its Tip, Thrust It Through the Window Against the Little Packet, Pulled the Bonds Which Stuck to the Chewing Gum, Through the Window, Stuffed Them Into His Pocket and Calmly Walked Out.

The Man Who Over-reached—Meyer Frankenberg, the "Ten Cent Dip," Who Snatched the Fortune but Couldn't Keep It.

Bea La Ray, Whose Expensive Jewels Put Detectives on the Trail of Mr. Sedway, Who Married the Seventeen-Year-Old Beauty Hastily on His Way to Police Headquarters.

Just Like a Dime Novel Detective, T. H. Tracy, Former "G-Man," Made Himself Up as a Silly Englishman, Got Inside Information and Then Rounded Up the Gang.

Found the Bulk of the Stolen Bonds—Assistant U. S. Attorney John J. Dowling Was Mysteriously Led to Their Hiding Place in a Locker in a New York Subway.

THE YEAR 1937 wound up as one of the most audacious attempts in the annals of crime. Little Meyer Frankenberg, after 35 years as an insignificant New York pickpocket, decided to become a master criminal and for three years he certainly was. He stole $2,046,000 from under the guns of Wall Street guards, led Federal sleuths and police of New York, Paris, London and Italy a merry chase to say nothing of so frightening Wall Street that it almost changed its system of handling securities. But Meyer had bitten off more than he could chew.

This Horatio Alger adventure of the underworld really began in the Fall of 1936 when a shabby Wall Street messenger, out of a job, looked yearningly at a best pot pie in an Automat, counted his nickels and turned away.

"I'll spring that pie for you buddy," said a mild little man, in his late forties, as with long delicate fingers he deposited the required number of coins and unlocked the pie. While the two men ate, the runner told the long story of his hard luck. The other listened to the end, then said:

"You are the man I want. I will give you a job."

He took the runner to a place not far from Times Square, a queer place where even the women talked out of the side of their mouths.

"I am a mob buzzer," the little man began, but the runner did not know what this meant so he had to explain further.

"I am a dip, a pickpocket who works the women mostly. But I got ideas and I'm going to pull something big in Wall Street. The trouble is I don't know my way around down there and before I get time to learn, some bull is going to give me the collar because crooks ain't allowed below that deadline at Fulton Street.

"That's why I'm cutting you in. You know what I need to know and anything you don't you can find out. You don't take any chances just tell me and I do the rest."

The rest began to happen in a few weeks. On December 13, two messengers from the First Boston Corporation delivered a package of $500,000 worth of United States bonds to the U. S. Trust Co. 45 Wall Street, by dropping it through a small window in the cage where it fell on a counter beyond their reach. A moment later it had vanished into thin air. There was a crowd of other messengers in the place and these two had a vague recollection that someone had opened a newspaper for an instant as he passed them.

The newspaper opener must have been one of Meyer Frankenberg's dip friends, according to Lt. Grover C. Brown and Detective Henry P. Oswald, of the New York police, and during that momentary screening Meyer must have jerked from his sleeve a bamboo rod with a large ball of chewing gum on one end, stabbed it down through the window against the little packet, pulled the packet through the window and started out, all as quickly as a magician takes a rabbit out of his hat.

Meyers' idea was so good that he worked it again on January 28, 1935, when two armed messengers from the Bank of the Manhattan Co. laid down $1,456,000 U. S. securities on the counter of C. J. Devine & Co. This time the treasure disappeared without even the waving of a paper, but Meyer had more time because there was some delay while certain details of delivery were straightened out.

The little pickpocket had grabbed more than two million in tax-exempt bonds and was willing to retire. But first he must convert the plunder into money without earmarks and there he ran into the difficulty which finally ruined him. Any jewelry gained in the course of pickpocketing he took to a fence who paid him from a quarter to a third of its value. But when Meyer showed him his bonds, the fence jumped back as if they were a nest of rattlesnakes.

"Take 'em away! They are white hot," the fence told him, but Frankenberg was an old customer and as a professional courtesy he put the pickpocket in touch with a specialist who dared handle even Government bonds.

This asbestos - handed gentleman quickly let most of the wind out of Meyer's inflated dreams of wealth. Gold has only to be melted and jewels to be pulled out of their settings for them to lose their identity, but who would buy a $100,000 bond except from a reputable institution? However, there were ways. First they must be unloaded out of the country where it would take some time before they would get to a Federal Reserve bank where they have a cruel habit of checking everything.

Before turning the bonds over to a customer it would be necessary to change the numbers not only of the bonds but of each coupon because even in China, no sucker would take a bond of such size without ascertaining if it was on a "hot list." These "improvements" call for the work of a chemist-artist who first softens the ink with an old-fashioned flat iron, for some reason better than an electric one. Then he removes enough to convert one digit, perhaps a zero, into a six or an eight, painting in with a fine brush the necessary additions and using exactly the right ink so it cannot be detected except under the magnifying glass. Such crooked talent comes so high that the cost is about $250 per bond and is usually not done until a customer has been found.

While Meyer was finding this out things were popping in police and Wall Street circles. Uncle Sam was interested, not that he would be out of pocket by the theft but because with so many billions of his securities being unloaded, it might hurt their market value if crooks were not taught to leave them alone.

The police laughed at first when a tip from the underworld said it was Frankenberg, but they decided to question him anyway. When they looked for him, Meyer, the mob-buzzer, had vanished as completely as the bonds. Months later he bobbed up in France. The lovely Countess Pia Ferrari Davico, like other adventuresses, was hanging around the gaming tables at Monte Carlo, where she met a slippery international crook named Bernard Klein, who informed her that he knew an American who was trying to sell half a million dollars worth of bonds at a bargain.

The Countess Pia, like many of her kind, has found it a good idea to be nice to the French Surete and she passed that word along. Paris talked with New York and Washington, who urged the French men to get the bonds and the American salesman, who, they thought, would be a pickpocket named Frankenberg, who had stolen a couple of million dollars worth of bonds.

What a country," said the awe - stricken Frenchmen, "where pickpockets grow that big."

Surete Inspector Sabuc made himself up with whiskers such as only a rich man can wear without being laughed at and opened offices of what looked like a prosperous investment business. Nights he frequented entertainment joints known to be favored by Klein, who finally got himself introduced. Calling at the office to see if the man was real, he saw large blocks of securities coming and going. These were genuine but meant nothing because they were borrowed for the occasion.

So Klein finally delivered $440,000 in bonds and was standing there waiting for his money when he suddenly found the office full of strangers. After his arrest two of the operators were sent to pick up Frankenberg at his hotel. But the French knew how to enjoy life so much better than the Americans and they stopped to enjoy a cup of coffee on the way. Meyer, becoming suspicious at not receiving the expected telephone from Klein, checked out, just in time.

The pickpocket got across the Channel where he was spotted and followed by a pair of Scotland Yard men. Having no warrant for his arrest, they did nothing more until he managed to shake them in a London railroad station. A steward of a Canadian liner smuggled him across the ocean, hidden in his own stateroom. Once in Canada he had no trouble in getting back to the U. S. A. as an American tourist. The little dip was never seen again until last year when he walked into the office of Assistant United States Attorney John J. Dowling and gave himself up. Apparently whatever had been paying his expenses up to that time grew weary.

By this time some of the remaining bonds had become unsalvable because they had passed their maturity date while the rest were impossibly hot due to activities of the G-Men on this side of the water. A Greek syndicate, headed by Gus Poulos, found a way to get rid of $152,000 in smaller denominations before the G-Men caught up with them and arrested five of the six members, the sixth escaping to Greece. Their scheme was to buy a bond of the same kind from a reputable house which for that reason was not suspicious when they sold them one of the hot ones. The good one they had bought was easily disposed of at another house.

The New York police had a hunch they would like to ask Moe Sedway, a Broadway character who lives without visible means of support about the jewelry he was lavishing on a 17-year-old beauty, Bea La Ray. The summons made Moe so nervous that he married Bea on the way to headquarters. Nothing in the questioning warranted an arrest but the G-Men followed him to a meeting with Morris Roisner of Minneapolis, known as a big shot of the underworld. Planting a dictagraph in Roisner's room they overheard discussion of a bond that had just come back from Europe.

T. H. Tracy, former G-Man, but now running an agency of his own, raided the room but found nothing until, just as he was giving up, he noticed an empty laundry bag crumpled in the waste basket. Uncrumpling it, he found a parcel check from the Pennsylvania Station. Presenting the check, he received a brief case containing a magazine between whose pages lay one of the missing $100,000 bonds. Roisner, Sedway and two others were tried for conspiracy but were acquitted.

Chasing members of another group that included Joe Bedelli, Ben Espy, George Hartman, William Evans, George and Rocco De Grassi, Tracy and others followed the gang down to Florida. There, dressed in tweeds, Tracy put on a monocle and pretended to be a half-drunken Englishman loafing around the various bars visited by the gang in Miami, until Espy actually tried to sell him a bond. Back to New York went some of the gang and some of the G-Men. Tapping the wires to Hartman's house in Rockville Centre, they heard him promise to meet Espy the following morning at the Hotel Wentworth with a bond.

The G-Men made Espy late by causing a collision with his car and arguing about who was to blame. When Hartman arrived he was arrested with another of those $100,000 bonds and papers implicating Evans.

At Kelsey City, Florida, was a house rented by the De Grassis which seemed ripe to be raided. Tracy and others were looking it over when two men drove up with impressive goatee beards but behind these decorations the G-Men recognized the De Grassis and called. The brothers laughed as the detectives searched the house by inches until finally they emptied a bag of dried beans in the sink. Something remained—it was another of those $100,000 bonds.

The owners of the beans were gathered in and after them Espy and Bedelli. As things stand now, $1,800,000 have been recovered, two men in France convicted and 12 here, with two more awaiting trial and one a fugitive from justice in Greece.

Meyer Frankenberg pleaded guilty but asked to have sentence postponed for one week. Attorney Dowling agreed and the following Thursday an anonymous telephone asked him to spend the evening in a certain night club. There he received an envelope containing a key and this note:

"M. F. Northbound Station 59th St. Subway."

In a locker which the key fitted at that station were found $650,000 more of the bonds. In appreciation for this handsome present the ambitious little pickpocket was let off with a year and a day sentence.

Pretty Problems in Mathematics

TIME was when the promoters of beauty contests didn't worry much about stagecraft when they had gathered the pretty contestants before a committee of judges supposedly capable of bestowing the crown on the right head. It was enough to have a lot of hand-picked femininity on the spot without arranging it in patterns to simplify the job of the judges and increase the enjoyment of the spectators.

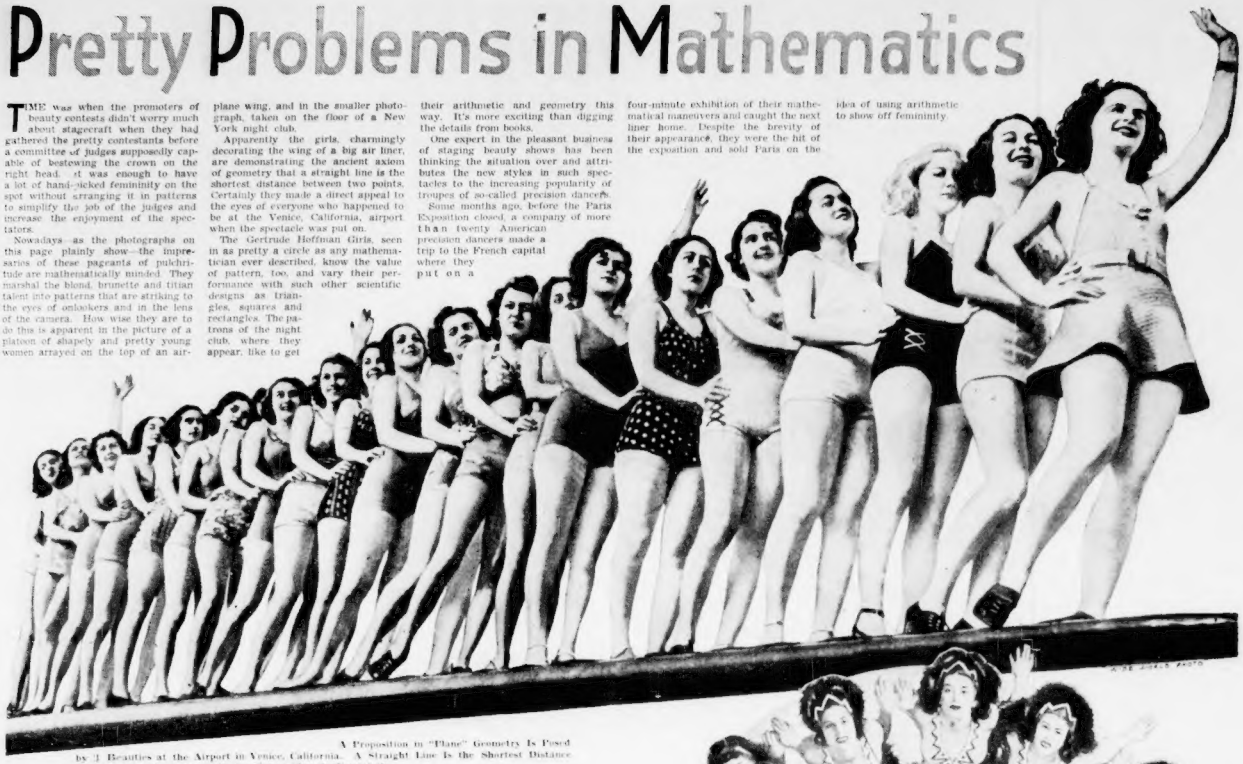
Nowadays—as the photographs on this page plainly show—the impresarios of these pageants of pulchritude are mathematically minded. They marshal the blond, brunette and titian talent into patterns that are striking to the eyes of onlookers and in the lens of the camera. How wise they are to do this is apparent in the picture of a platoon of shapely and pretty young women arrayed on the top of an airplane wing, and in the smaller photograph, taken on the floor of a New York night club.

Apparently the girls, charmingly decorating the wing of a big air liner, are demonstrating the ancient axiom of geometry that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Certainly they made a direct appeal to the eyes of everyone who happened to be at the Venice, California, airport when the spectacle was put on.

The Gertrude Hoffman Girls, seen in as pretty a circle as any mathematician ever described, know the value of pattern, too, and vary their performance with such other scientific designs as triangles, squares and rectangles. The patrons of the night club, where they appear, like to get their arithmetic and geometry this way. It's more exciting than digging the details from books.

One expert in the pleasant business of staging beauty shows has been thinking the situation over and attributes the new styles in such spectacles to the increasing popularity of troupes of so-called precision dancers.

Some months ago, before the Paris Exposition closed, a company of more than twenty American precision dancers made a trip to the French capital where they put on a four-minute exhibition of their mathematical maneuvers and caught the next liner home. Despite the brevity of their appearance, they were the hit of the exposition and sold Paris on the idea of using arithmetic to show off femininity.



A Proposition in "Plane" Geometry Is Posed by 21 Beauties at the Airport in Venice, California. A Straight Line Is the Shortest Distance Between Two Points, Even in Parades of Shapely Femininity.

What Made the "Laughing Jackass" Laugh

THE Australian kookaburra is a most peculiar bird. It prays like an ass, fights like a lion, and would be a nuisance except that it is a champ destroyer of snakes.

The small, ear-feathered battler has none of the weapons of the bandits of prey, no powerful talons, no hooked beak. Maybe has uncanny little tricks of his own, against which the sly serpent can't protect itself.

The "laughing jackass," as the kookaburra is usually referred to, makes a living by means of the law of gravity. He swoops down on the snake and grabs the back of its head in his beak. Then he flies high in the air and lets the snake fall. With a thud the snake hits the ground and lies stunned. But the kookaburra isn't through. Again it takes the snake aloft and lets it fall. This is repeated until the snake is dead and ready to be eaten.

The "laughing jackass" in the picture is laughing for all he is worth because he is so delighted at having provided himself with a delicious snake-meal. Like a proud rooster he is crowing, or rather cackling, over his prowess and making a great to-do about it all. Boasting is the thing that kookaburra finds it easiest to do, and his senseless and stupid screech makes him unpopular with anybody that hears him. Anybody, that is, except his "pal," the kangaroo, whose back he often rides and in the neighborhood of which he is usually to be found, although for no reason that the ornithologists know of.

This Australian Kookaburra, or "Laughing Jackass" Bird, Is in a Jolly Mood Because He Has Just Captured and Killed a Snake, His Favorite Dinner Dish.

Doctors Puzzled by "Human Clock"

THE fantastic ailment of Charles Hester, an American veteran of the World War, literally has set doctors and experts "on their ear" listening to his symptoms. Hester, known as the "human clock" of Shawnee, Oklahoma, has had a ticking going on in his head for 19 years and nobody knows yet just what it is or what can be done about it.

Hester's endurance has almost reached its limit. The astonishing noise can be heard at a distance of three feet, and it has been going on inside his skull ever since a shell exploded at his feet on a French battlefield. In all that time he has never been able to get away from it. The constant noise has made him thin and nervous and incapable of steady work.

Now doctors are going to make their most ambitious search to date to find out just what makes Hester tick. Mrs. Jewell Adams, Red Cross executive, has announced that the Veterans Bureau arranged recently for Hester to enter a Chicago hospital where he is to undergo a complete overhauling.

The Gertrude Hoffman Girls, Who Entertain Guests at One of New York's Swanky Night Clubs, Know Their Mathematics, Too, as This Almost Perfect Circle of Pulchritude Shows.

A New Use for Old Chestnuts

ARTISTS are all the time picking strange ways to express themselves, like coconut and soap sculpture, and hairpin bending. But perhaps the most successful of odd creations in a long time are those made by Mlle. Gilberte Clemence, whose "chatting old ladies," made out of chestnuts, are pictured below.

The Frenchwoman noticed one day that the wrinkled surface of chestnuts often gives them a human likeness. Misshapen and fantastic, some of the nuts looked to her like parodies of old people she knew. By fixing them up with home-made shawls, hats and diminutive wigs, Mlle. Clemence helped along Nature's grotesque imitations of the human face.

With scalpel, brush and paint, she turned the knobby nuts into satirical portraits that "roast" the peculiarities of the human face.

Saw an Ape Funeral

EXPLORERS have believed for a long time that the ape, like man, mourns for the dead. Now, from India, comes news of an actual funeral held by the apes and beheld by a native, who rubbed his eyes to make sure he wasn't seeing things.

It happened in Simla, a city in the Punjab district, during broad daylight. A playful monkey was leaping from wall to wall, followed by a whole troop of his chattering cronies. All at once he touched a live electric wire and fell stone dead. The rest were struck dumb by the unexpected tragedy. In a few minutes hundreds of them were gathered around his body and their heads were bowed.

Then four of the huskiest monkeys picked up the dead one and carried it off to Mount Jacko where all of them live. The rest followed in solemn silence and took no interest in anything on their sad journey back. The native, whose name is Rab Muyyam, hurried to the village to tell what he had seen. It seemed to him that the monkeys were aping the form of native funerals.

Four Caricatures by the French Artist Mademoiselle Gilberte Clemence. The Funny Faces Are Made of Chestnuts She Gathered in the Woods on the Outskirts of Paris.

"Empires of the Moon"

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Which Failed Because of Some Tremendous Trifle

Dramatized From Old Records by

H. Bedford-Jones

Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. From a Rare Old Print.

"A TRIFLE makes a dream—a trifle breaks," sang the English poet, Alfred Tennyson. And buried away in all but forgotten archives are musty records which deal with conspiracies that might have changed the history of the world—dreams of Empires of Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only "Empires of the Moon"—moonshine.

The American Weekly presents on this page today the second of a series dealing with such conspiracies. They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant American novelist, H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form presented as some gifted onlooker of the time might have written them.

No. 2—"The Duchess of Hell."

PARTON came into my office carrying a small, flat package.

He eased his three hundred pounds into a groaning chair, removed his black-rimmed glasses, and mopped his moon-like face. Then, with an air of impressive mystery, he began to open the flat package very carefully.

I watched him somewhat suspiciously. Parton has a hobby for conspiracies, for plots dramatic and sensational, intrigues that would have overturned the world had they succeeded. Empires of the moon, as I term it. Inside information on history, as he puts it. He has vast enthusiasm on the subject and bores all his friends with it.

"What's up now?" I demanded. "Another of your lunar rainbows?"

"A gorgeous one! The most gorgeous one you ever heard!" He paused and regarded me with his beaming, chortling good humor. "Did you ever hear of d'Artagnan, as he is incorrectly called? The 'de' should be omitted, without a title. Monsieur d'Artagnan, or plain Artagnan."

"Never mind quibbling over words!" I broke in. "Who hasn't heard of him?" Probably the most famous character in all fiction.

Parton rebuked me. "No, no! History, my boy, not fiction. He was real. His actual name was Charles de Batz, but he enlisted in the Musketeers under the name of Artagnan. That's the way he spelled it himself—Artagnan, with an 'r.'"

"Well, what of it?" I demanded.

"Inside information," and Parton winked solemnly. "In the year 1642 this real Artagnan had been two years in the Musketeers. And I've unearthed the whole story of how he spoiled the most ravishing conspiracy you ever heard of—positively! Not to mention the most ravishing woman. Probably the most beautiful woman in the world."

"You say he spoiled her?" I inquired wickedly.

"No, no; he spoiled her great conspiracy. She was about forty at the time."

I broke in, with pardonable irritation.

"Parton, for heaven's sake stop exaggerating! Don't talk about a woman of forty being a ravishing creature, or the most beautiful woman in the world. You're still lost in some empire of the moon. Come down to earth."

He gave me an injured glance. Then, from the opened package, he took a small pane of glass about six inches square. This he laid on my desk, with the greatest care, and transfixed me with his large, hypnotic eyes.

The man could be a star salesman when he talks, you listen. If he says "Stop!" the clerk on your desk will stop. He's that kind of a man.

"This woman, at the age of forty," he said slowly and impressively, "was just coming into her prime. She destroyed man after man. She had the morals of an alley cat and the dazzling beauty of a fairy princess, at forty, mind you. She had one of the greatest titles and noblest names in France. She turned the head of every man she met—she actually seduced kings, viceroys, churchmen, soldiers! She was probably the most impish, radiant, glamorous woman in all history! In other words, at the age of forty she had IT to the nth degree and was more charming than any other woman half her age."

"At forty? Nonsense. I don't believe it."

"That's just what Artaignan said," and Parton shook with laughter.

"Who was this paragon, this phoenix of femininity?" I inquired.

"I'm coming to that." Parton pointed at the pane of glass. "I've just received this. When I was in France last summer, I was in St. Malo, and visited the ancient tavern where this story began. I saw this pane of glass, and bought it. Now, thank heaven, I've got it here safe at last."

I looked at the little square of glass, then at him.

"See here, Parton, isn't your liver off a bit, perhaps? You rave about a piece of glass that I could duplicate at the corner paint store. You rave about a woman of forty who—"

"Who fought like a man," he broke in, still chuckling. "Now, hold everything! I'll give you the story just as it came to Artaignan, the young Gascon who served in the Musketeers. And, by the way, they really carried rifles, not muskets. Let me unfold the best story you ever heard! If you don't admit that it's worth while, I'll never darken your door again. If you do, then—"

"Then you'll be welcome." I said, and resigned myself to the inevitable. "It's a bargain, and I'll hold you to it."

"Done with you!" Parton beamed, and settled back in his chair. "First, let me tell you just what the situation was, when the story broke. Artaignan had ridden west, bearing dispatches from Paris to the governor of St. Malo; after that, he had a month's leave. In other words, he was on vacation.

"Fifteen miles from St. Malo, he stopped at a highway inn to get a drink of wine and have his horse fed. He was not in uniform; the Musketeers had no particular uniform in those days. They were gentlemen rankers.

"Artaignan knew that France was at the crossroads in this moment. Richelieu, who commanded the army in the south, fighting the Spaniards, was critically ill. The king, Louis XIII, stayed in his palace of St. Germain, making candy and playing with dolls, being pretty close to death himself. Plots were everywhere; half the nobles and princes were mixed up in plots and intrigues, assassinations and treacheries. The country was going to the dogs fast. It was no secret that the great Richelieu was a doomed man, and the wolves were gathering."

Parton paused, took out a stick of gum, and began to munch it complacently.

"Now, look at Artaignan," he resumed. "He rode into that highway inn, ordered wine, left his horse to be fed, and strode into the dark taproom to enjoy his liquor comfortably. He tumped squarely into a figure coming out. He uttered a blistering Gascon oath, and got a more blistering one in return. His rapier scraped out; he forged into the dimly-lit room, found a cloaked cavalier confronting him with drawn blade."

The scene grew magically before my very eyes.

ARTAIGNAN'S steel clashed upon steel. He found himself facing a swordsman of deadly blade and nimble foot, with fast thrust and lunge and parry.

The two swerved back and forth under the low rafters. Artaignan whipped in a swift flanconnade that missed, took a riposte that nearly ripped out his throat, then drove forward so viciously that his opponent staggered back. Staggered, tripped over a chair, and went plunging headlong into the stone fireplace, to lie motionless.

Dropping his weapon, Artaignan leaped forward and dragged the senseless figure clear. To his astonishment, the cavalier's wide-brimmed hat was pinned in place. He tore open the cloak, put his hand on the other's heart to feel if life still beat—and then jumped as though the devil had stung him. He turned to the gawking inn-folk.

"Have you any private room here? To it, at once!"

There was one, of a sort, to which the unconscious cavalier was borne. Artaignan shut everyone out, and devoted himself to restoring his opponent to life. Impetuous as he was, he had a sharp eye and a shrewd one.

At a glance he perceived that this woman in man's attire was no ordinary person. A magnificent diamond ring upon the bared slender hand, a kerchief embroidered with the initial M, garments of the finest cut and material—here were indications enough. He removed the wide hat, and a flood of golden curls came down.

Seating himself beside the couch, he bathed the face of the unknown and chafed her hands. Lovely hands despite their strength, slim and tapering fingers, a wrist that provoked his admiration—

Her eyes opened, eyes blue as summer skies swiftly widening upon his. A rush of color came into her face, and she offered herself to one elbow. Artaignan pressed her hand reassuringly and smiled.

"Madame! A thousand apologies for my unfortunate error."

A sight deep broke from her. "Then you know me?"

"On the contrary. I don't know you, to my sorrow, and you're entirely safe."

"Oh!" She collected herself, surveying him attentively. A smile came to her face, a smile so radiant, so bewitching on its resistance of loveliness that the Gascon was actually dazzled. "I can trust you. I must trust you! I'm Cecile d'Artignes. I've been prisoner for five years in a convent. I've escaped in this costume, and am on my way to St. Malo. I'll find help there. Who are you? Surely you bear me no ill-will?"

This confidence, so impulsively made, did not deceive Artaignan. Ladies immured in convents did not wear diamonds. Nor did the name Cecile begin with the letter M. Five years! Not likely.

"Madame, pray consider me wholly at your service!" he replied courteously. He gave his true name—that by which he was not known at all except in his bedhood at Gascony. "I am Charles de Batz, a gentleman of the south, going to Paris to seek my fortune. Will you permit me to escort you to St. Malo? But stay. Let me have a look at your head."

Now Charles de Batz, known in the Musketeers as M. Artaignan, was young. He was impressionable, headstrong, yet shrewd. He knew that he dealt with some great lady who dared not give her name or rank, a lady of almost divine beauty. When he found no damage, and assisted her to her feet, he could not take his eyes from her.

At first, he had thought her a woman of perhaps thirty-odd. Under the first glance of those radiant eyes, he knew she could not be over thirty. Then, as the charm of her personality enveloped him, he gave her twenty-five years at most, her figure was exquisite now that the huge cloak was laid aside, and the impish mischief of her manner, the gay, impulsive intimacy, delighted him.

"Tu es mon bon chevalier! I accept your offer gladly, most gladly! We'll not reach St. Malo until after dark—good! I dare not enter by daylight, lest I be recognized. I have papers, all is correct, friends await me there, my horse has been fed, shall we depart at once?"

Artaignan was enchanted. Once his dispatches were delivered, he was free, his own master, and in these blue eyes he read a promise that made his heart sing.

It was a glorious ride across the Breton countryside. From occasional heights came glimpses of the sea, and one unforgettable vision of Mont St. Michel rising out of the water like a fairy castle, all rosy in the sunset. By the time they rode past Mont Dol darkness was upon them, and Artaignan was busily, passionately in love. The shrewd Gascon was a little aghast at the realization, but he could not help it. Never in his life had he met such a woman as this one beside him.

She was gay, witty; she emanated a spirit of high adventure; she mentioned great names with easy familiarity; she had subtle tact, and above all, she possessed the gift of fascination. Artaignan, it is true, kept to his role of simple country gentleman, yet ardent youth would not be denied. And, though she might have known the great ones of the earth, this young Gascon had a spring, a verve, an impetuous enthusiasm which would have endeared him to any heart.

She prized deftly, lightly, searchingly, his aims and ambitions and connections. He expressed them simply enough—to boost the king, to serve France, to further his own lean purse. At this, she broke into delicious laughter as they rode down the long causeway that ended in the gates of St. Malo.

"M. de Batz, you captivate me. I confess it! I feel I can trust you with my life."

"With more," said Artaignan, and twirled his mustache.

"Excellent! Will you sup with me and two friends, in an hour's time?"

"With all my heart, Madame."

"Then we separate, when we've passed the gates; in an hour come to the tavern of the White Horse and ask for the Sieur de Lorgue."

They were at the gates, soon to close for the night. Artaignan showed his papers, with those of his companion, and they were passed without question. A last grip of the hand, a word of farewell, and he turned into the towering castle on the right, while she went on

(Continued on Page 15)

Her Skill and Strength Dismayed Him; Desperately, He Parried Those Savage Lunges, Those Thrusts Aimed at His Heart. She Meant to Kill Him. He Could Read it in Her White Face, in Her Flaming Eyes.

Figure of Artaignan by Gustave Dore, and the Piece of Glass on Which the Musketeer Cut His Name With the Diamond Marie de Rohan Had Given Him.

Odd Reasons Why People Get Insurance

PRAJADHIPOK, ex-King of Siam, who insured himself against the loss of his throne, now collects $40,000 a year on his policy. Bleriot, the French aviator first to fly across the English Channel, received a $50,000 prize from Lord Northcliffe, the British publisher, but the money was actually paid by an insurance company.

Ignace Jan Paderewski, the Polish pianist, has his fingers insured at $5,000 each. Mlle. Mistinguette, the Parisian actress with the most beautiful legs, had the pair of them insured for $100,000. Mme. Polaire, a French actress and the homeliest woman, startled everybody by taking out a policy against the loss of her ugliness—and won a lawsuit when an accident "improved" her.

Dave Apollon, the Russian band leader, has his Russian accent under $100,000 bond; if it vanishes or even is harmed, he collects. Lester Tremayne, a radio performer, insured his British accent that sounds like a vacuum cleaner for the same amount.

Shirley Temple, the child movie star, is insured for $25,000, but she must not take up arms in war or die or be injured while intoxicated. Gelett Burgess, the author, insured a wishbone that brought him luck in selling a detective novel.

The list of fantastic things people insure themselves for or against is almost endless, and new precedents appear all the time.

"Freak" insurance, as it is called, is a fairly recent development, and has been devised to meet the complicated life of modern times. There are greater risks all the time in the normal pursuit of living, and these risks can no longer be taken care of by the conventional life and fire policies. As a result, the insurance companies are beginning to cash in on the chance to offer protection against all sorts of odd risks.

But in the United States the insurance companies are held back by various State laws, on the grounds that insuring people against oddities border on ordinary betting. In Great Britain, on the other hand, there are few legal limits to the risks for which one may take out insurance. Yet Lloyd's, the great insurance company of England, says that their business is not a gamble and that the premiums asked on any freak insurance are set carefully according to available statistics. In any case, it is to England that far-fetched policy seekers must turn.

Mademoiselle Mistinguette, the Most Famous French Soubrette of Her Day, Was So Afraid That Something Might Happen to Her Celebrated Legs, She Insured Them for $50,000 Each.

Insurance against rain is the most common freak variety. The companies have found out that in the long run the weather bureau statistics are accurate and that the forecasts are more often right than wrong. They gladly insure a hot dog stand, church bazaar, garden party, baseball game or clambake against rain on a given day.

One of the queerest foreign policies is the "mother-in-law type." Thus, a London man recently protected himself for $100,000 against any consequences that might befall him if his ever pain-ridden mother-in-law died. Many families are thus able to cash in on squabbles.

Some time ago a man announced a mechanical invention by means of which human minds could be read. A businessman, evolving a secret money-making scheme at the time, was afraid that his scheme would now be discovered, so he insured himself against the mind-reading machine. He never collected either way, the machine never worked, and neither did his own scheme.

One English Earl took out a policy against the chance of his niece eloping.

In 1930, the Wisconsin Alumni Association, to prove that its annual dinner would be speechless, took out a policy against even an impromptu speech. Another protective measure against speeches was taken by an American business man traveling to England; he took out insurance against being converted by a woman evangelist who traveled in his company.

But not so long ago, insurance was not the science it is today. In the '90's, a French insurance company refused life policies to any woman who dyed her hair. It believed that hair dyes were unhealthy and cause any woman using them to die young. Nowadays one can even insure the dead against fire, collision, sinking, and other dangers encountered in transporting the body.

There is no monarch or ruler in Europe but that somebody has made the stability of his rule the subject of a Lloyd's policy. Large business deals with a government often depend on the existence of the government until the deal is consummated. Thus Lloyd's have carried insurance on rulers from Napoleon on down to Mussolini. The American Embassy in London, as a matter of fact, recently felt called upon to protest against the many insurances taken out on Roosevelt's life and re-election as unethical.

One of the oldest policies known was written against the return of a ruler. Issued in 1696, the policy's conditions were that "John Ritchell of Bywell and George Ritchell of Hexham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, do pay to Roger Flenwick of Cockbridge, the sum of 25 pounds if James II, or his son should ever regain the crown of England." This policy against the restoration of the Stuarts looked like an ordinary bet, but as a matter of fact it was no more of a bet than modern insurance.

Insurance companies paid heavily when King Edward VIII, the present Duke of Windsor, abdicated the throne of England. In the same way many British merchants collected when King George V died, the reason for their policies being that the abdication or death of a monarch in England always means a slack period in business.

Thwarted Lovers Reunited By Sighs On The Phonograph

THE HEADMISTRESS of a fashionable girls' school at Lugano, Switzerland, was on her way to have a showdown with Elly Mittelmayer, a rebellious Viennese girl who had been causing trouble ever since she arrived some months ago. When her superior entered Elly's room, however, the worthy woman found the girl sobbing.

Thoughts of punishment were replaced by genuine alarm, and she anxiously asked what in the world could be the matter. But the girl's hysterical weeping was the only answer. The headmistress looked about the distinctly feminine room for a sign of what caused this storm of weeping, but there was no book or letter visible, such as teachers are accustomed to associate with tears.

A phonograph record which had played out was still scratching away in the last groove. Presumably the girl had played some music to cheer herself up; how could the matron imagine it was the cause of the girl's sorrow? The principal stopped the machine, patted the girl thoughtfully, and left.

She knew the main difficulty with Elly. The restless girl was in love with a penniless engineering student. Her parents, who were wealthy landowners in Austria, had sent her to boarding school to forget him. They were purse-proud people, indignant at the very thought of their daughter and heiress consorting with a youth who was working his way through the university.

It was as a worker that he met Elly. Employed in an electrical repair shop as a simple mechanic, he had been called in one day when there was a short circuit at the Mittelmayer mansion. When the young man, whose name was Siegfried Mahler, arrived, Elly was alone in the house. She admitted the handsome and alert young man, and at once took a fancy to him.

The Girl Sat Sobbing Before a Phonograph When the Headmistress Entered. She Found That the Records Reproduced Nothing But a Man's Miserable Sighs.

She began a conversation and in her narrow fashion found out that the youth was well versed in literature, music and art. She told him all about herself in turn of the books she read, and the plays she saw. When the young man finally left, Elly realized that none of the "wits" of her social circle had ever been as nice or as interesting.

From this time on, short circuits and electrical troubles were almost a daily occurrence in her house. The radio also was out of order much of the time. Although the family couldn't understand the wonders of electricity, young Elly One day invented her own phonograph, and called on Elly setting on the floor near the radio, carrying on a spirited conversation with the electrician.

There was a scene, and the repair-man was asked never to return. After that, the parents noticed, the short circuits no longer occurred. They forbade Elly ever to see Siegfried again. They said he was not respectable enough for their daughter, and that they had more ambitious plans for her. When they found out that in defiance of their wishes she was meeting the dreadful young man in the park, they decided to put an end to the whole silly business, and sent their daughter to the smart girls' school in Lugano.

But it was too late. Elly had fallen passionately in love, and her yearnings caused her to be stubborn and disobedient and even unkind to her mentors. They did not know what to do with her. It was one of her mentors in authority that had caused the principal to visit her, and when, on the following day, she was revisited, the headmistress found Elly again in bitter tears.

Again the disc was still turning although the record was ended, and this time the matron decided to find out what piece the record played, since there was no title. To her surprise, no music came out of it, nor even words. She played it over again, for Elly was too overcome with weeping to make any proper reply. This time the mistress realized that the noises recorded on the disc were profound and miserable sighs.

Elly's storm of weeping had subsided somewhat, and she confessed that the record had been sent to her the previous day. Siegfried's letters had been intercepted at her parents' request, but then he had sent her packages which the school teachers thought came from her family. In them, carefully wrapped, were not food and candy as they supposed, but these recorded sighs.

The youth, with his mechanical turn of mind, hit on this method to convey to her his unhappiness, and succeeded more effectively than he could have with words. In Elly's laundry hamper the headmistress found a whole stack of these "hymns" of love, all of them well-worn with use. The matron shook her head at the fantastic idea that could only have occurred to a lover.

All Elly's parcels were now opened, and at last the records stopped arriving. But Elly now called for the disc at the post office, where they waited to be called for by a mythical "Miss Hartl" whom she impersonated for the purpose. She smuggled the records to her room, and there played them, day after day, until the strain began to show on her nerves. She was an emotional wreck and had a severe breakdown, so alarming that a neurologist was consulted.

As soon as informed of the cause, he recommended that a cure should be obtained in the same way. The girl might do something desperate, she had expressed unwillingness to go on living, and the doctor said that her agitation was not to be ended by force. The best thing was to get a cure for her, to experience Siegfried Mahler's happy and contented daughter.

Mittelmayer, now thoroughly alarmed, was ready to do anything, and went post-haste back to Vienna to call on the young engineer who had meantime completed his studies. There would be no difficulty here, he thought, for no lover wants to see his sweetheart's life endangered. But Siegfried refused to remind his daughter. It was not his intention to make a happy [illegible] to her parents, [illegible] had done, and the only way he could be made to laugh was by her father's consent to their marriage.

The father was shocked by such presumption, but the more he talked with Siegfried, the more he was impressed with the youth's common sense and culture. He had supposed the suitor to be a simple mechanic, without prospects, but here was Siegfried, already with a good job and obviously intelligent.

The irate father relented and assented. As a result, Elly soon received a record of Siegfried's joyous and bubbling laughter. She did not know the reason, but she knew it must be good news, and so she was infected by it and began to recover from that day on. When Siegfried arrived, accompanied by her father and also carrying an engagement ring, her happiness was complete.

They are married now, and Mr. Mittelmayer is rather proud of his son-in-law. A mechanical reproduction of unhappy sighs and gay laughter had rewarded the inventive Siegfried with the bride of his choice.

How Colors Affect Humans And Plants

THE dinner guests of Samuel G. Hibben, chatting merrily, walked into a Chicago hotel's dining room a few nights ago and took their places at the table. As they did a subtle change occurred in the lighting system, and within a few minutes some guests were violently ill, others were mildly sick and all were entirely without appetite for the exceptionally fine food that had been placed before them.

The reason for this was that the celery on the table had turned a ghastly pink, the steaks a whitish gray, the tall glasses of milk were blood red, and the salads were a sickly blue. What had been fresh green peas one moment had become black oversized caviar the next, and side dishes of peanuts weirdly became crimson.

It was not a demonstration of magic that Mr. Hibben had performed. He was merely making an experiment. Dr. Edward Podolsky, Brooklyn scientist, tells of it and other interesting things about the effects of color on plants and humans.

Instead of the usual electric lights at the Chicago dinner Mr. Hibben had managed to have the room illuminated by especially designed filter lamps which cut out all the ordinary colors of the spectrum except green and red. Mr. Hibben, an illumination engineer, knew that his guests would thus have their stomachs turned, and his experiment was a success. He told them, after normal lighting had been restored, that it was a demonstration of the effect of light and color not only on the sense of sight but upon the related senses of taste, touch and smell. Color, he reminded his guests, could and did express or excite and stimulate a human being no less acutely than it affected the life and growth of a plant.

The color scheme inside an airplane for instance, says Dr. Podolsky, can make passengers airsick, or another scheme often prevents sickness. That is why Howard Ketcham, a color engineer, is employed by the Pan-American Airlines to arrange the interior decorations of planes. He has found that a green motif will prevent illness, whereas brown and yellow induce nausea. He even advises the airlines to avoid serving coffee and mayonnaise because of their unhappy color effects in the air. In the same manner, green for soups and cheeses can be unexpectedly green.

Suddenly the Food on the Table Changed Color Under the Lights. Like Magic, the Diners Were Affected, Some Losing Their Appetites and Others Becoming Ill.

In the treatment of diseases colors are being found more effective every day. An intensive study along this line has been carried out by Dr. Noel Scott, surgical assistant at the Royal Waterloo Hospital in England. Similar studies are under way at the Light Research Institutes at Munich and Bad Aussee.

Dr. Scott's case histories show a wide range of treatments with sun lamps and ultra-violet ray apparatus. These treatments are called chromotherapy. His first case concerned a man troubled with a mouth ulcer. After diets and other treatments had failed, ten applications of radiation from the lamps, including a contact radiation of ultra-violet rays, cured the patient. Equal success attending the treatment of a leaf wound.

In New York there was recently reported the case of a woman whose depressed spirits and irritability puzzled her physicians. There was nothing organically wrong with her. The only cure that doctors had was that her spirits improved when she was away from home. She was sent on a trip to Europe, and while she was gone her family physician took an interior decorator to her home. It was found that her bedroom was painted a shade of green of disturbing combinations of deep velvety and purple. The physician had lighter colors, mostly modified greens and yellows, substituted. This cured the patient.

In a factory near New York an efficiency expert who knew nothing about color psychology, ordered the main office repainted. The hue was changed from a colorful yellow to a slate blue. That was in the Autumn, and when Winter came all the employees complained of being cold. It was found that the temperature was 72 degrees, as always. The heat was increased to 76. But the stenographers and clerks still complained and were sneezers. Some one suggested the restoration of the yellow paint. The office was repainted and 70 degrees was found to be comfortably warm. The heat was reduced to 74, and the place was perfectly comfortable again.

Colors influence plants as well as human beings. Years ago, Dr. Camille Flammarion found that under red glass lettuce grows four times as rapidly as under direct sunlight. Under blue glass the plants are stunted. It has been found, too, that the green coloring of plant foliage serves as a light screen to prevent the plant's absorption of other colors which might hasten maturation.

Generally, the effect of colors on human moods are:

Red: A stimulating color, which excites and increases the working power of the brain.

Yellow: A stimulating color, which helps energize the brain and which in chromotherapy aids in treating colds, paralysis and chronic conditions.

Green: Not necessarily depressing. Possesses cooling effects and is useful in the abatement of excitement. Counteracts brightness of solar light.

Black: Useful for toning strong colors, and not actually depressing. Best use is in combinations.

White: Cheery and attracts sunlight, but alone, is cold. Stimulating if used with red, yellow or orange.

Brown is restful and warming, but depressing if used alone. Best effects are combined with orange, yellow and gold. Purple and mauve are sedative, soothing and conducive to sleep.

Detoured The Highway To Save Aged Woman's Home

A MEMORIAL to a mother has been created on the outskirts of Philadelphia, not by something being built, but by something not being built above. To tourists, it's just a turn in the road, but to Mrs. Frank Unruh, who is now 95, it means life itself.

Fifty-seven years ago she moved into a cottage in Cheltenham township as a bride. Under its gables her six children were born, and they grew up with the trees that their father, who was a florist, planted.

One day it was spring again and Mrs. Unruh, the grand-old lady of Cheltenham township, looked out on the blossoming trees that her husband, now seven years dead, had planted. House, trees and children, she realized, were all she had left to show for nearly a century of life. But these were enough, more than most mothers dare to expect.

She was happy there in her house of memories. Her whole life was tied up in it. The distant world might rattle and crash all it cared to, it did not penetrate to her, sequestered among the trees. It was as if this was the last stronghold of the past against the noisy march of progress.

But then, looking out of her window that day, Mrs. Unruh thought she saw surveyers and engineers, armed with transits and levels, tramping through her grounds. This seemed curious to her, but she decided it was some new improvement that was being planned. She fell secure, however. She had seen engineers about before, had watched mud roads transformed into concrete highways.

Soon there came a document, official looking, stamped with seals and legal phraseology, that tried to hide what it was saying. As she read the paper over for the third time its purpose became clear. That pompous notice was in reality telling her that she was to be evicted from her home. Her quiet retreat had been condemned to make way for Ashburne road as part of a great highway plan. The new road was to go right through the place.

After all her years of peace and happiness it seemed that Mrs. Unruh was to fulfil the omen of her name, which translated means "unrest." Her little world crumbled. She pictured the ravenous steam shovels gobbling up her garden and tearing up the roots of the trees.

But Miss Margaret Unruh, her daughter, knew the woman's health was failing under the thought of losing her last refuge. Margaret had no political "pull," but she did the best thing she knew how, and that was to see Charles C. Conklin, Jr., president, and Harold C. Pike, executive secretary of the Board of Township Commissioners.

Yes, Pike knew Mrs. Unruh; he was a little boy when he first knew her. Margaret did not plead for favors, she only told what was happening to her mother's health. On the evening of Monday's day the Township Commissioners held a meeting. It was short, and to the point.

A formal resolution was drawn up, ordering the engineers to change the plan so that the road would avoid Mrs. Unruh's home in a wide sweep. Not a tree was to be disturbed.

When the meeting was adjourned, not one member realized that one of the finest Mother's Day tributes in history had been made. On Mother's Day morning, Mr. Pike called, in his official capacity, and told Mrs. Unruh that her worries were over.

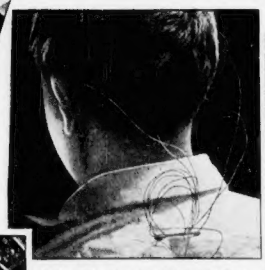
Motorists, seeing the road swerve around this tiny cottage, will suppose, with all accuracy, that it must have been a cause of some importance to inspire this. They witness the strange sight of a concrete road "going out of its way" to be courteous to an aged mother.

Think You Don't Sleep? Wife Says You Do? Both Right

You Can Snore While Awake, Your Ears Seldom Rest, Deaf People Usually Need Only Catnaps---and Other New and Surprising Discoveries About Slumber Discussed by Professor Laird

BLACK STAR PHOTO

To Pick Up the Electric Waves Sent Out by a Sleeping Brain, Tiny Electrodes Are Attached to the Brow of the Sleeper, With Fine Wires Leading to the Recording Instrument.



Similar Wires Are Attached to the Base of the Sleeper's Skull and Behind the Ears.

The Insomniac Husband and His Wife, From the Cartoon by the German Artist Girod. But New Discoveries About Sleep Indicate That One May Think He Is Wide-Awake Throughout the Night and Still Be Sleeping With Most of His Brain, While Another Person Who Seems to Be Soundly Sleeping May Be Even More Wide-Awake. Below It, a Type of Fantastic Dream Which a Sleeper May Have With One Portion of His Brain and at the Same Time Be Solving Some Abstruse Mathematical or Other Problem With an Entirely Different Portion.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph. D., Sc. D., Director of Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

IMPORTANT and unexpected discoveries about sleep are being made with the electro-encephalograph, an invention which records the electric waves sent out by a sleeping brain.

The mental activity of a sleeper is much greater than had been supposed. Nobody seems ever to be completely asleep and some rarely get far enough below the threshold of consciousness to do them much good.

Just as a man may smile and be a villain, it has been found that one may snore and snore and still be awake. The eyes and the rest of the seeing machinery are usually willing, most any time after dark, to pull down the shutters and call it a day, but not so the ears. The hearing apparatus in the brain insists on sitting up all night.

This is why a man will say, "I didn't get a wink of sleep last night," and his wife reply, "You never woke up from the minute your head touched the pillow." Both are right.

Other brain areas, after snoozing along as one would expect, suddenly give vent to brief moments of super-activity, outdoing their best wide-awake performances. This may well explain how Victor Herbert wrote his famous "Kiss Me Again," and Julia Ward Howe the words for the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" while they were asleep.

Such trains of thought last only from five to twelve seconds but sometimes start up again at intervals of one-half to two minutes. Nobody knows how many other gems those and others have composed in sleep but lost in the process of awakening.

Science is at last penetrating a dark continent, with fascinating mysteries promising to reveal themselves on all sides. For instance, the encephalograph indicates that the hypnoidal state, that twilight zone when one has entered the realm of sleep but the doors of consciousness have not yet quite closed, gives off a special set of waves.

This is quite as expected, but the startling fact is that these hypnoidal waves, in a healthy, normal person, are almost exactly like the wide-awake brain waves of certain types of insane patients.

Apparently the deranged minds of such unfortunates have stalled in the very gateway between waking and sleeping.

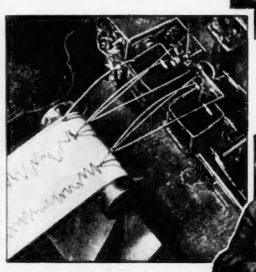
But this is true only of mature persons. Children passing through the hypnoidal state give off utterly different waves, that register on the tape like the teeth of a saw and not like any other known mental condition.

It is possible that the habit of the ears to play night owl may explain the mysterious time sense possessed by many sleepers, giving them the power to wake up at any time they please. A person with this faculty tells himself just before floating off to dreamland, that he must be back and fully conscious at a certain hour, say 6:30 A. M. But that night, as every other night, his hearing apparatus is wide awake.

Like night watchmen, the ears may come to learn many things about the night of which others are not aware. The patrolman on the beat knows that the first milk truck turns into that street about 5:30, its rival about 6. At 6:10 Mrs. Johnson, across the street, slams her bedroom window as the opening gun in getting her husband's breakfast. The policeman knows this time schedule of the night and so, perhaps, does the sleeper's hearing centre in the brain. Thomas A. Edison could get along on about five hours sleep, and no wonder, because his ears slept, too, for the reason that he was deaf.

That the human body works, and human beings live, because their body is essentially a gigantic storage battery for electricity, famed surgeon George Crile, of Cleveland's Crile Clinic, has been teaching for some time. One of the terminal poles of this human storage battery is the liver, the other terminal the brain, Dr. Crile believes.

Dr. Chester W. Darrow, of the Chicago Institute for Juvenile Research, and a graduate of Colgate University, explained to the American Psychological Association in 1932 some ingenious apparatus he had devised for recording the minute electrical action currents which are set up in the human body, and showed differences between normal people and some mentally disordered persons.



The Encephalograph, With Its Automatic Chart Showing the One Straight and Two "Saw-tooth" Graphs of Wave Rhythm of the Sleeper's Brain While Awake, Then Asleep, and His Reactions to Awakening Noises.

PHOTO BROWN BROS

Because He Was Deaf and His Ears Did Not Continuously Record Outside Sounds While He Slept, the Famous Inventor, Thomas Edison, Could Do With Only Brief Periods of Sleep in His Laboratory.

To Julia Ward Howe Came the Words for the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" When Almost All of Her Brain Was Asleep.

In the intervening five years Dr. Darrow and numerous other scientists have made discovery after discovery about some of our human mysteries with the tiny electrodes which are painlessly attached to almost any part of the body, and from which small, flexible wires lead to the ultra-sensitive recording instruments.

By means of amplifying tubes, similar to those of radio, the faint brain waves like the faint radio signals, are magnified until they are powerful enough to operate a pen on a moving strip of paper. This electro-encephalograph is so delicate as to register variations of one-millionth of a volt.

One of the first things it ascertained was that under normal conditions of good health and relaxation the brain, when awake, keeps making electrical discharges at the rate of ten waves per second. This is so universal that it is accepted as standard and known as the alpha wave, or rhythm, also sometimes as the Berger rhythm.

When we go to sleep, Dr. Hallowell Davis, of Harvard University, and his colleagues have discovered, these alpha waves quickly become less violent, although for a time they keep up the fairly regular rhythm of ten a second. The voltage turned out by our storage battery is reduced on first going into normal sleep, then it begins to lose the normal rate.

By the time we are about "half asleep," as it might be called, these electro-encephalograms shown that our storage batteries are discharging more like those in insane persons than like normal, waking human beings. If one can remember how he felt at such a time he perhaps knows how the inmates of asylums feel all the time.

Passing through this transient, hypnoidal state, so-named by the late Dr. Boris-Sidis, the sleeper slides into real sleep in which the alpha rhythm fades out entirely. The alpha, however, is not exactly a thinking wave because the most empty-headed dumbbell gives it off at times when his mind is a blank. Yet, curiously enough, it is also characteristic of the concentrating philosopher or mathematician.

But in using imagination, or when exerting mental effort, the discharges from the brain battery become not only a bit faster but the voltage is lowered. Those are some of the discoveries reported late this year by Dr. Lee Edward Travis, of the University of Iowa.

Emotions, interestingly enough, seem to short-circuit the battery so that the discharge practically disappears. This confirms everyday experience that it is difficult to think when emotionally upset and that emotional people are not noted for straight thinking.

But during sleep the brain discharges are not shut off for very long periods. Sudden vigorous spurts of a few seconds duration indicate that some sort of mental activity is going on. Perhaps we would remember them as dreams if we could carry them through that crazy hypnoidal stage through which it seems we must leave as well as enter dreamland.

It may be that a genius is a person who has the rare gift of smuggling a few of his sleep thoughts through the hypnoidal stage. Scientific discoveries are occasionally fished up that way, notably the benzene ring, conceived by the sleeping chemist Kekule and which revolutionized organic chemistry.

An average sleeper rises and falls during the night, sometimes getting fairly well down into the depths of slumber only to bob up close to the surface of consciousness, tossed about by the waves of sound that beat on his ears.

The slamming of an automobile door, the loud goodnights of an inconsiderate neighbor, the yapping of a dog, bring bursts of electric discharges indicating that the brain is much disturbed and if the noise keeps up, will awake completely. But the tape reveals that the relentless ears pick up faint sounds that would be ignored in the daytime, such as the soft rustling of paper, a distant and almost inaudible voice, or a footfall in the street.

There is one outstanding exception, the notorious fact that a snorer can keep everyone else in the house awake without annoying himself. The encephalograph, however, shows that this is not entirely true. Snorers give themselves quite a little bother. A real loud one must go through a preliminary tuning up beginning with only mild puffings and wheezings before reaching the bass viol and buzz saw stage. If he jumps into this too abruptly he wakes himself up and has to start all over.

Dr. H. M. Johnson, eminent sleep investigator of the Mellon Institute, discovered that some of his subjects could not be trusted to be asleep just because they were snoring. Apparently these unintentional deceivers are usually insomnia victims. Having gotten to sleep, only to be aroused by some noise, they strive to get back by neither changing their position nor anything else. In their efforts they forget to stop snoring and seem not to be conscious of it.

It is not strange that the ears, rather than the eyes, insist on staying awake.

The cave man, like most night-sleeping animals, would not be able to see anything in his dark burrow if he strained his eyes all night. But the snapping of a twig outside betrays the presence of a prowler as well by dark as at noonday.

Future experiments should determine to what degree the ears also slumber on a super-induced or any unnatural sleep. Some of these are mysterious indeed. Many have gone to sleep smoking, set fire to their beds, but not been aroused by the fire until fatally burned. Arnold Daly, the actor, sleeping in his chair during a hotel fire, suffocated from smoke without awaking at all and a somewhat similar death came to the author, Louis Joseph Vance, in his own home.

Scientists in Russia who recently completed experiments on subjects selected from technical occupations, report the surprising conclusion that multiple and independent trains of thought may be set up by the brain waves during slumber. In several cases data collected on the subject of sleep indicated that it is quite possible for a sleeping person to have a fantastic dream absorbing one portion of the brain while simultaneously another section of the brain may be struggling with some mathematical problem.

Not only the brain waves recorded during sleep, but also experiments on learning and memorizing, show that there is sound, helpful mental activity taking place during sleep.

At the University of Gottingen, for instance, Dr. Rosa Heinz Katz has recently found that people remember new things from 20 to 30 per cent better if they study them just before going to sleep, and let the electrical brain waves work on the new things while the person sleeps.

This also tends to explain the ancient habit of prudent persons who refuse to make an important decision until they have "slept on it." Frequently a proposition that looked faultless the night before is seen to have a serious defect when considered the next morning, or what looked hopeless, now in the fresh morning mind reveals an escape.

What has happened during the night? Nobody knows exactly, but it would seem that various departments of the brain, uninterrupted by the routine demands of the conscious hours, have time to play with the problem and see into it.

Unusual New Inventions

Shell-less Soft-Boiled Eggs, Steering Gears for Sit-Down Skaters, Etc., Promise New Joy of Living, While Anti-Bomb Nets and Bathtub Elevators Keep You Safe and Sound

Nets, Spread Like Those Used by Acrobats in the Circus, Over Entire Cities to Foil Enemy Bombers or to Check the Fall of Volcanic Debris, Are One of the Most Interesting of the New Crop of Inventions.

HARDLY a day passes without some thoughtful inventor figuring out a new way to add to the joy of living by providing luxuries or novelties to remove the boredom of daily routine, or by devising some gadget or device to keep the human race safe and sound.

Evidence of this happy situation, which grows happier year after year, may be found either at the United States Patent Office, or at one of the frequent inventors' congresses where either the designs or working models of the new, unusual and ingenious contributions toward the pursuit of human happiness (and buying power) may be found.

To judge from the opinions of the Patent Office officials it might be said that inventors nowadays are much more practical than ever, and work in their laboratories, studios, cellars or attics with a weather eye on the demands of the times and not exactly on ideals or labors of love.

In fact, so closely do some of the modern inventions follow the news that the patent inspectors say that they can tell what is going on in the world simply by examining the current patent applications.

Nothing is too small or too great to challenge an inventor's attempt to make improvements—not even such a relatively simple matter as cooking eggs, as Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Robertson, a couple of hen fruit connoisseurs of Los Angeles, demonstrated recently.

The Robertsons liked to eat eggs preferably soft boiled, but finally decided that while Nature might be doing all right by the hen when she enclosed an egg in a shell, she wasn't playing fair with the spinsters. In cooking, the sulphur taste of the shell was absorbed in the egg itself.

With this in mind the Robertsons achieved a shell-less egg-boiler into which the egg was placed without its shell, and its quality was immediately encased in an aluminum cup, which was then sealed tightly and dropped into boiling water for the required length of time.

That venerable Saturday night institution, the bath, has so intrigued inventors with its many possibilities lately that if a person were to utilize all of the new devices and gadgets for bathing he would probably spend all his time in the bathtub.

Three of the most practical bath inventions calculated to reduce the high accident toll are shown on this page. The first, as pictured at the top left, is hollow soap. This was the inspiration of Lynde De F. Hokerk of Utica, New York. By suspending the soap on a cord around the neck, Mr. Hokerk figured that a person would know where it was at all times, couldn't possibly slip on it and also would have the use of both hands in emerging from the tub. Cleansing lather is obtained by rubbing the soap between the hands.

Two other aspiring inventors at the recent Inventors' Congress in Los Angeles also had ideas about solving the falling-in-the-bathtub problem, with gadgets which are illustrated on this page. One device is a folding handle which can be pulled down by the bather to assist him in getting up. The other, more complicated, is an elevator which at its maximum height is level with the top of the tub.

A turn of a faucet lowers the elevator to the "ground floor" or bottom of the tub by water pressure. A reverse turn of the faucet elevates it.

For very cautious people who would not feel entirely safe with any or all of these three devices, Karl Gosta Walin of Hedensberg, Sweden, has a further precaution. He invented a self-inflating life belt which may be worn in the bathtub and which becomes buoyant at the slightest sign of danger.

In addition to the inventors who concern themselves with general bathing, there are others who specialized recently in bathing and cleansing various parts of the body beautiful. Among them is Alfred Arnegger of Remscheid-Lennep, Germany, who thinks that the teeth should be washed while they are being brushed. He didn't just sit idly by and dream about it either, but patented a new type of tooth-brush which is hollow through the handle and equipped with a rubber suction bulb for squirting out an antiseptic mouth wash while brushing the teeth.

While most people last Summer regarded ordinary house flies as pests, John E. Kahler, of Kankakee, Ill., saw them in a different light. "There buzzes opportunity!" he said to himself and promptly invented a swatter gun. Similar to a popgun, but with a spring which propels a dart, Kahler hunts house flies and claims that it is possible to kill them when they alight in places impossible to reach with an ordinary swatter. He got a patent on his invention, too.

Argo E. Landau, of St. Louis, Mo., is of a much more serious turn of mind than Mr. Kahler and concerned with the spiritual side of inventing. Determined that people in the future would not be able to alibi themselves for not saying their prayers because of lack of appropriate facilities, he invented a folding prayer bench.

Nowadays, with so many wars and rumors of wars, Francisco Feitosa of New York City thought it was high time somebody devised a good way to protect cities from air raids or even volcanoes.

Mr. Feitosa not only has patented his own particular device for coping with an aerial invasion but he leads all other inventors by a wide margin as far as the size of his new super-gadget is concerned. This consists of a series of nets to protect buildings and even whole cities against an attack from the air. With patent No. 2,100,211 tucked in his pocket, he breathes easier in case any air raider to penetrate his defense of three nets superimposed one above the other. Varying in strength and texture, they are to be affixed above a building on light horizontal arms connected to pivoted frames controlled by coiled tension springs.

When a bomb falls on the uppermost net, according to Mr. Feitosa, that net will sag, and if the missile is sufficiently light and its momentum weak, it is checked by the net, the apparatus, not alone will function. If however, the bomb is heavy, then either the second or the third net will work with the same ease as a net stretched beneath trapeze performers at a circus. The tension springs will supposedly absorb the shock of the dropping bomb gently enough to prevent it from exploding unless it is a fuse bomb.

As for Mr. Feitosa, it is said that he can hardly wait to be bombed.

Another realist among the inventors is one who likes to do his skating sitting down. Instead of just falling down while skating, he reasoned, why not fall on something that will add to the pleasure of skating?

Of course, a pillow would do, but if you fall on a pillow, where are you? Right there on the pillow, of course.

To Avoid the Nuisance of Losing the Soap in the Bathtub This Invention Keeps It Handy by Fastening It on an Appliance Placed Around the Neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Robertson, Demonstrating the Cooker Which Delivers Soft-Boiled Eggs Without Shells.

PHOTO-MOSSON

The Newest in Cigarette Holders (at Left) Which Are Fastened to Small Trays to Catch the Ash.

Thus a one-wheeled seat for skaters has been invented so that when falling they may keep on moving right along. The only objections voiced thus far are by jealous-minded who complain that to the old gag, "I won't go for a ride with you unless I bring my roller skates along," the words, "and one-wheeled seat" will have to be added to bring it up to date.

Another old saw to the effect that cigarette ashes keep the moths out and the husband in will probably have to be discarded entirely as the result of an ingenious invention of a combination cigarette holder and ash tray. As shown in the photo just above, the ash falls automatically into the receptacle held under the cigarette while it is being smoked.

Even baseball bats came in for improvement in the interests of human welfare recently when Harlow W. Herkimer and Marlan E. Holcomb, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., invented a bat "for the purpose of increasing the safety of the game and to reduce the number of injuries" as set forth in patent No. 2,096,521.

The bat proper is either wood or of a pliable material, encased in rubber which is vulcanized or cemented to it. Hard rubber in the casing eliminate the possibility of its slipping from the batter's grasp when he swings wild, thus giving greater protection to spectators in the left or infield courts where they crowd close to the side lines.

But all these inventions, diverse as they are, hardly dip beneath the surface of the numerous gadgets and devices which are either flooding the U. S. Patent Office or being hopefully exhibited at inventors' congresses. Judging from the bumper crop of inventions perfected recently, it would seem that half the population of the country, minus stability behind the nine ball and at every opportunity, enthusiastically "Ah ha! There is something else to invent."

Somebody saw somebody lose eating an ice cream cone and as soon as a lot of ice cream dropped on the eater's vest a napkin with a hole in the center to cope with just such an emergency was promptly invented.

A hotel guest devised a portable clothes dryer which could be fastened to an ordinary reading lamp, its arms set in circular fashion, providing plenty of room to dry the family wash.

A dance enthusiast, deciding that he would tap when and where the spirit moved him, invented a portable dance floor made of grooved hardwood which could be rolled up and put down wherever wanted.

A card player, becoming impatient with the way his wife was shuffling the cards, invented an automatic shuffler to save time.

The full dinner pail was more than a slogan to Kirk E. Porter of Wooster, Ohio, who patented one which had enough compartments to supply a full course dinner.

An oil can with a rubber spout was the contribution to progress made by Clarence M. Bailey, of Baton Rouge, La.

Reasoning that there was always room for one more gadget on an automobile, Joseph Schulman, of New York, recently obtained a patent on side bumpers, the idea being to use five on each side to protect a car.

Another automobile device, intended to take the place of the horn, was a gadget which simulated the human voice and announced the driver's intentions. Salvatore F. Cavalli, of Utica, N. Y., was the proud recipient of this patent.

These Two Diagrams Show a Folding Prayer Bench, Handy for Travelers Who Like to Carry Their Praying Equipment With Them.

PHOTO-MOSSON

The Bathtub Elevator Which Rises and Falls by Water Pressure Controlled by Faucets.

The Self-Loading Tooth-brush With Hollow Handle and a Rubber Bulb Which When Squeezed Squirts Liquid Cleanser on the Bristles.

For the Roller Skater Who Prefers to Sit Down, This Apparatus Provides a Seat and a Wheel to Steer the Course.

A Non-Bone-Breaking Indoor Baseball Bat Made of Pliable Material and Sponge Rubber to Limit Its Usage Strictly to the Game.

A New Safety Handle Which Prevents Slipping as You Get Out of the Bathtub if You Hold on to It.

The Golden Key to Mrs. Sneyd's Flat (and Heart)

She Said a Horrid Stranger Stole It, and, in Defense of Her Honor, She Had to Stab Him and Throw Him Downstairs—Then She Embarrassed the Young Barrister Who Suggested She Didn't Have Any Honor

Wealthy Colonel Ralph Sneyd, Whom Irene Thwarted in His First Divorce Suit by Luring Him to Her Boudoir—With Witnesses.

Mrs. Sneyd Awakened, She Testified in the London Court, to Find the Cosmetic Clad Mr. Kerr Dangling Before Her the Golden Key of Which He Had Somehow Gained Possession, and Finding an Ancient Dagger Handy, She Forced Him From the Flat—So She Said.

Mrs. Irene Sneyd, Whose Troubles Revolved Around That Romantic Golden Key to Her Apartment, Recalling Her Earlier Difficulties With the Rich Colonel Ralph Sneyd of Historic Keele Hall.

"I AWOKE to find his hands on me. I struggled. I fought in defense of my honor. This wicked John Kerr had stolen the golden key from my door and there he was about to attack me. I fought with all my strength."

The lovely Mrs. Irene Margaret Campbell Sneyd paused, as if unable to finish her pathetic story, to the London police whom she had called. One of them tried to finish it for her.

"Not, of course, the worst happened," he suggested sympathetically.

"Well, no, not exactly," Mrs. Sneyd corrected. "You see, just in time, my hand fell upon this antique dagger, as I stabbed him twice and threw him downstairs."

The police were grateful that virtue had been triumphant, but something must be done about Mr. Kerr and they brought the nearly-outraged beauty to a police magistrate who was so impressed by her account that he ordered Mr. Kerr tried at Old Bailey, the most famous criminal court in the world, on charges of attempted assault, and larceny of the golden key, worth $25 for the gold alone but probably much more in a romantic sense.

When the case came up for trial everyone was surprised to find the prisoner in the dock was, instead of a bestial sort of brute, a man of mild and gentlemanly appearance. All eyes turned to the fair prosecutrix who looked as expected and even more so.

Dressed in a black satin dress and a black cuff-like hat, with the suggestion of a white cross on it and an eye-veil thrown back, Irene Margaret suggested some sort of bereaved madonna or, at the very least, a grieving widow. With soft voice and fluttering hands she retold her cruel experience.

She had met Kerr only the day before, as she said, and he seemed such a nice man that she had trusted him to take her to lunch—but that was all. The judge, the jury and spectators all looked at the prisoner, no doubt agreeing that any woman might have trusted him that much. But in some unaccountable way he had contrived to steal the key to her apartment. It was a golden key fastened in a golden ball—a very peculiar key, a most romantic key. And the very next evening, after taking a bath, she had stretched herself on her bed, in her nightgown and a negligee.

She had been awakened from her innocent nap by the touch of rude hands to see bending over her this man Kerr whom she had met only the day before. The faces of the jury grew sterner as she described her heroic fight, in which with her last strength she managed to stab her visitor twice.

They must have been rather gentle stabs because there he was, apparently as well as ever.

Then the defense counsel arose to question the witness. He was the young and already famous barrister, Derek Curtiss-Bennett. He advanced with a peculiar smile.

"That golden key to your apartment," he began, "were you in the habit of giving it out, in turn to such gentlemen as you favored?"

"No, never!" said the witness.

"What, never?" inquired the barrister, in tones suggestive of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The fair witness hesitated and some half expected her to reply, "Well, hardly ever." What she did say was:

"Only one man, a close friend."

"What is his name?"

"Must I say?" He is a married man. It might cause another divorce."

The young barrister glanced at the puzzled faces of the jury and let it go at that. The halo of saintliness around the witness' head was dimming perceptibly, but still it was a shock when Derek asked her if she was seriously presenting herself to the court as a moral woman. With round-eyed indignation she assured him that she was. Her eyes grew rounder as the barrister asked if she had not entertained this same John Kerr the entire previous night, without any protest.

"As a matter of fact," he asked, "didn't you give him the key yourself the next morning, and wasn't the trouble that following evening because he arrived two hours late and failed to bring the 25 pounds ($125) he had promised for your rent?"

The lovely prosecutrix looked as if she were going to faint but she managed to gasp:

"Do I look like a woman who would entertain a man that way the first time I met him?"

The handsome young barrister smiled at the witness and he could afford to because she had made a mistake.

"If you put that upon me, I must ask you a few questions," he said, "about your divorce. Didn't you admit having entertained a man in that manner the very night before you were married?"

"No, that was the co-respondent," she answered, "who had been my lover for ten years."

"Lover or not, nevertheless you did that just before and after marrying Colonel Ralph Sneyd," the counsel insisted and proceeded to quote from her own diary which was produced at the trial.

It seems that the lover of ten years duration was an American, William (Bam) Burgess who, in the kindness of his heart, and as some compensation for not marrying her himself, gave his blessing to this excellent match with the Colonel, who is 20 years older than Irene. According to her own diary, she had spent the night before the ceremony at a hotel with Bam.

The following noon she was married in one of London's most fashionable churches to the wealthy master of historic Keele Hall, Staffordshire, who made her an advance settlement for life of $5,000 a year on which he undertook to pay all taxes, just like alimony. This happened April 1, 1924 and, according to the diary, the old gentleman was thoroughly April-fooled. Other entries read in court were as follows:

"April 4. Bored, depressed and miserable. Wretchedly bored. Wire Bam."

"April 6. Sent husband to zoo with a former rival. Wish to God she had got him."

"March 21. Wire and letter from Bam."

"March 22. Bloosy."

"March 26. Bam phoned from Paris and woke me up at 4 A. M."

"March 29. Bam came over lovely."

These things displeased Colonel Sneyd and he got a divorce together with $25,000 damages from co-respondent Bam. This was all right with charming Irene Margaret, but the Colonel also started to have that $5,000 a year income revoked on the ground of fraud. This she did not like and so, before the divorce decree had time to become final, she tried to win her husband back.

Letters and telegrams being of no avail, she got a South African millionaire to write Colonel Sneyd about buying one of his country estates at a fabulous price. When the Colonel came to close the deal he found at the hotel, instead of the millionaire, his divorced wife who, with tears and blandishments, persuaded the husband to spend the rest of the night with her.

There were plenty of witnesses planted to testify that he had done this, which legally condoned all her offenses known to him up to that moment and the King's Proctor intervened, preventing the divorce from becoming final. The Colonel had to bring suit all over again on new evidence that he had not known of before. He won it but, in the final outcome, apparently let the $5,000 a year stand.

"Did you consider yourself an immoral woman in 1926?" asked the relentless barrister.

"No," the witness replied "unless you say that of every woman who has a lover and every man who has a mistress."

"You speak for yourself, Mrs. Sneyd," was counsel's dry comment.

Desperate at seeing her trappings of saintliness so rudely torn from her, Mrs. Sneyd made another blunder. In denying that there had been any serious talk about Kerr's paying the rent she asserted that she had already paid it several days before meeting him.

The defense then put on the stand the renting agent of her apartment who testified that she had paid the rent several days after the date of the alleged attempt at assault and showed her note asking the agent to predate the receipt so she could show it to the custodian of that trust fund as paid on time.

At this the disillusioned and disgusted jury announced that it had heard enough and discharged Mr. Kerr without hearing him or any of the other witnesses for the defense.

Stripped of every vestige of virtue and modesty, spattered with the mud of a divorce she thought had long been forgotten, the prosecutrix started out of Old Bailey only to be called back by the methodical clerk of the court to get a receipt from her in return for the golden key which Kerr had turned in as defendant's Exhibit A. This drew a roar of laughter through which the unhappy woman made her departure.

On her way out, dangling the golden key in her hand, she directed a glance of dislike, not at the exonerated Kerr, but at Mr. Derek Curtiss-Bennett, the brilliant young barrister who had exposed and shamed her.

"I wonder if she can find a way to punish him for this," some spectators whispered and they would not have been surprised to read that he had been found with an antique dagger stuck into him, not so gently.

What happened was far more fantastic. About two weeks later a formal legal notice was published, that one Irene Margaret Campbell Sneyd intended hereafter to be known as Irene Kurtitsbenet, thus adopting the pronunciation but not the spelling of Barrister Curtiss-Bennett's name.

The young barrister and his wife and family were annoyed at this trick, but legally they could do nothing and most people would have forgotten about Irene under whatever name she went. But Irene is not the kind of lady who lets herself be forgotten so easily.

When this change in name had been a deep mystery for a week, Mrs. Sneyd's photograph suddenly appeared on the front page of one of the leading London picture newspapers, together with a letter from her in which she stated that she realized it was not good policy any longer to ignore the many requests she had received to divulge her reasons for changing her name so that it would sound like the name of Mr. Curtiss-Bennett.

The letter went on to say Mr. Derek Curtiss-Bennett was alone responsible for her change in name for as her eyes had fallen upon Mr. Curtiss-Bennett's regnish devastating profile, on that day to court, her wayward heart was no longer in her own keeping. She fell in love with him and hugged to her breast the fact that she was by virtue of her new name connected with the loved one, if only phonetically.

She closed the letter by stating that she was grateful Mr. Curtiss-Bennett was not called Winterbotham as "that is a cold name to take for an alibi."

In a sort of postscript, the lady wrote that she had just presented Mr. Curtiss-Bennett with a set of chessmen and that she thought, "it's now his move."

What sort of vengeance can this be? Does Irene Margaret hope to embitter Derek's life by trying to associate her shame with his respectability? If so, she must be disappointed, because Barrister Curtiss-Bennett only laughs.

The Sneyds trace their ancestry back to the 11th century. Keele Hall, in Staffordshire, seat of Ralph Sneyd, which Mrs. Sneyd so hotly resigned away along with her husband's name, is one of the finest houses of old England.

Built in 1571 and rebuilt from time to time, it has been held continuously by the same family, though it fell on evil days during the war between Charles I and the Parliament when the third Ralph Sneyd drew his sword for his king.

In January, 1645, the victorious Parliamentarians ordered Keele to be razed. The Mrs. Sneyd of that era apparently protested and her enemies finally relented and consented that she and her children "may have liberty to come to dwell with her mother-in-law at Norton Farme, she behaving herself."

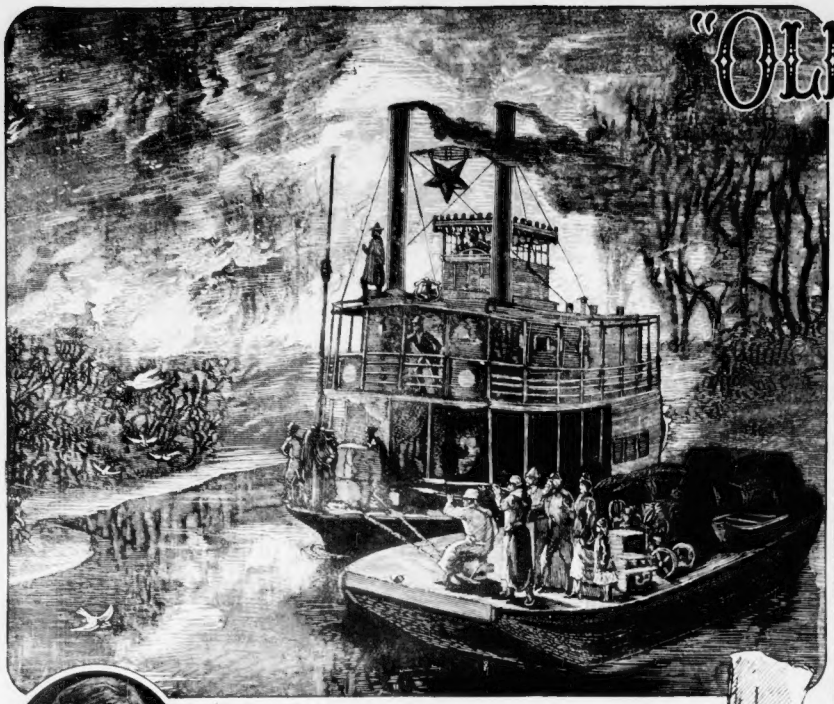
So far as history shows, Mrs. Sneyd behaved herself "as she ought to do," an example which the Mrs. Ralph Sneyd of nearly 300 years later has flaunting-ly failed to emulate.

Picturesque Keele Hall, Sneyd Family Seat, in Staffordshire, Which With All Its Luxuries and Art Treasures, Irene Chose to Forsake, So the Colonel Claimed, for Plain Mr. William "Bam" Burgess.

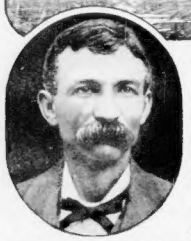
Barrister D. Curtiss-Bennett, Whose Successful Defense of Mr. Kerr So Strangely Moved Irene to Change Her Name to One That Sounded Just Like His Own.

"OLD MAN RIVE

Chapters From the Vanished Its Tributaries---Romantic Heroines and Heroes, Who Traveled the Hi by the Last of I



One of the First of the River Steamers, Which Came After the Keelboats and Flatboats, Passing Along the Red River in Louisiana Through a Forest Fire, While the Passengers Shoot Fleeing Game. Drawing Made in 1878 by W. A. Rogers, American Artist. From the T. F. Healy Collection.



Captain Louis Rosche at 50—And Now, at 89, He Looks Back Upon His Career, Hardly Matched for Adventure by Any Other River Man.

READERS of The American Weekly will remember the fascinating story of the old Wild West told in these pages a few months ago by "Arizona Bill" Gardine, last of the old pioneers of the plains. Very much the same rough, lawless conditions existed at the same time along the Mississippi River and its tributaries and on the river steamboats. These old side-wheelers and stern-wheelers, and in still earlier days the flatboats and keelboats, carried the freight and passengers before the railroads were built.

On the rivers as on the plains were the bandits, the swaggering two-gun badmen, the roving Indians, the gamblers and the painted women. And there were occasional "necktie parties," if a reward was offered, an outlaw was pursued into the wilderness, hanged and his head cut off and brought back in a bag.

Capt. Louis Rosche, 89 years old and one of the last of the old-timers who navigated those busy river boats, has told for The American Weekly his experiences and adventures on an almost incredible period of frontier history which is gone forever.

An Ohio River Boat Captain of 1827, by an Artistic Passenger of the Time.

CHAPTER I.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,

Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats.

WHEN I read Arizona Bill's stories in The American Weekly not long ago it carried me right back to the old days on the Mississippi—or Old Man River. Arizona Bill lived on the western plains and he knew the ranchers and cattlemen and the tough hombres in the wild cow towns and mining camps. Well, a lot of those same people traveled on my steamboats on their way out to the frontier country.

The old scout wrote about fights with the Indians and so did we have to tackle the redskins along the river. If a boat tied up to the bank we had to stand guard, and more than one side-wheeler was ransacked and robbed by those red devils and the crew murdered and the women passengers carried away.

There were herds of buffalo, millions of them, on the plains, and I have had my steamboat held up for hours at a time to let them swim across.

There wasn't any more police or soldier protection along the rivers than there was on the plains. I reckon things were about the same, and steamboat captains had to handle the law themselves like the cowboys and ranchmen did. You had to do the shooting yourself—wasn't any sheriff around to do the job. And it always paid to shoot to kill. Fact is that was the only way you could keep on living yourself.

I put in a few seasons on boats running from St. Louis up and down the Missouri River before I tackled the Mississippi. Those old pioneers on their way to the gold-diggings in California used to come from towns in the East and load their covered wagons and horses, oxen or mules on the Missouri River boats and go as far as Fort Benton, Montana—about 2400 miles. That took about five or six weeks and saved the immigrants a good many hundred miles of slow wheeling over some awful bad roads.

They sure were a queer outfit—preachers and gamblers, husky farmers and tough two-gun badmen, hard-fisted miners and slick, smooth-talking crooks, honest clean-minded wives of the pioneers and painted vamps on their way to the dives and dance halls of the cow towns and mining camps.

I reckon there never was such a mixed bunch of people anywhere as those passengers I used to carry on my trips. Those aiming to go across to California loaded the big covered wagons on board and ate and slept in them. I let them cook their grub in the galley but they took it back and ate it in their wagons.

I will say some more later about those boatloads of pioneers and those two-legged he and she wolves that went along to prey on the honest ranchers and miners.

But of all the cutthroats I reckon nobody was ever any worse than Jim Wilson, a badman who lived in Pittsburgh and didn't aim to work if he could steal. I'm going to tell you about him right now before I go into how I got to be captain.

You got to remember that before the days of the railroads passengers and freight traveled on the rivers. And before the days of the steamboats river traffic was carried on by "flatboats" and "keelboats." These clumsy boats were floated down with the current and steered by long oars. It was a wild country at that time—mostly unbroken forests, few roads, plenty of mean Indians, like I said, and roving gangs of robbers that hung around the trade routes.

The Mississippi River was the best hunting ground for those robber bands because rich cargoes of freight were always passing downstream from the factories in the North to New Orleans and other Southern cities where nothing much was manufactured. This was before my time, but I knew some of the old flatboat men and heard their adventures.

Well, Wilson was steering his flatboat down the Ohio River when a big thunder-storm came up. He didn't like the looks of the black, rolling clouds and edged in to the bank to get shelter under a cliff. When he stepped ashore to tie up the old flatboat, Wilson saw the opening of quite a big cave. While the wind howled and the rain beat down outside, he prowled around in the cave and found it opened up into a bunch of rooms, just like as if they were made for a lot of people to live in. Some were big and the ceilings were nice and dry and the floors were clean, hard sand.

A big idea struck Wilson right away—what a fine place for a roost for a robber gang; everything fixed up by Nature all ready for pirates to move in. He reckoned he wouldn't let another year go by without making the most of Nature's invitation.

So the next Spring Wilson's boat landed again at the foot of those cliffs. This time he wasn't alone, and he came all fixed to carry out one of the most devilish schemes ever I heard of. He had his family with him—his wife was a timid, little mouse-like creature, so scared of him she'd do anything he said so he wouldn't get riled up into one of his tantrums; and he had his five young ones, two of them half-grown girls just about old enough so they'd be handy for what he was up to, and a couple of mulatto slave women.

As his partner, he brought along a slick counterfeiter named William Hall, who didn't like honest work any more than Wilson and was mighty glad to get away from Pittsburgh because the Government agents were making it pretty hot for him.

The outfit had enough supplies to get their scheme started because the night before they left they had broken into a Government warehouse at Fort Pitt and toted away a boatload of provisions, liquor, guns and ammunition. So all Wilson needed now was a gang of cutthroats like himself to carry out his orders. But he had figured out a way to get them, and it wasn't long before he had things moving.

His first job was to fix up the cave for a tavern, with sleeping quarters in the back rooms and some tables and chairs and a kind of a bar set up in the big front room. It was a rough-looking backwoods sort of place, but he made the women spruce up everything so it looked nice. It wouldn't make any difference what the "guests" thought about it later on, if they got a chance to think of anything at all.

Then he painted a big sign on the cliff over the cave, where anybody coming down the river couldn't help seeing it.

"Wilson's Liquor Vault and House for Entertainment."

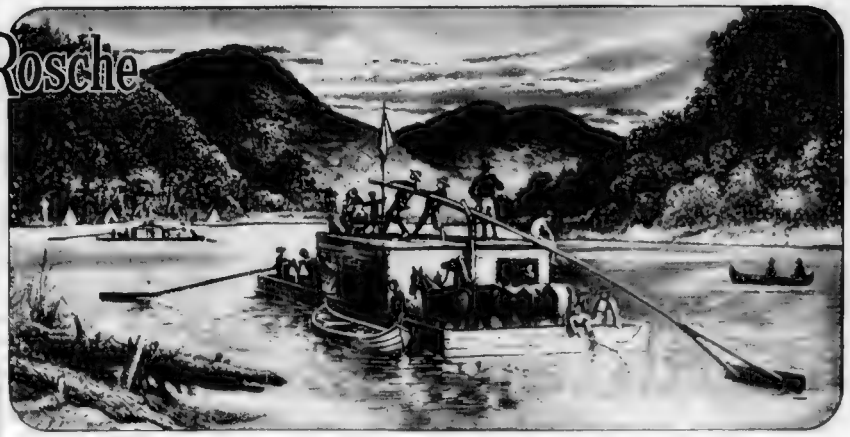
That's how that robber's sign read, but no passing flatboat men had any notion what kind of entertainment he'd get in that tavern or he su would have steered clear of it, like it was a pe house. The rivermen in those days were an ea going, hard-drinking lot, always ready to knock and take a rest, and some of them were about crooked as Wilson. So he was sure his sign wo fetch the sort of recruits he wanted.

In the beginning, of course, he had to be migh careful about picking his men. It wouldn't da

Jim Wilson, Crooked Gambler, Cutthroat and General All-Arou Along the River. It Was a Cave Fixed Up as a Tavern, and Wh With His Girls as a Lure, Beckoned the River Men and Thereaft Along

ER" By Capt. Louis Rosche

l Pageant of the Mississippi and , Tragic and Adventurous, the Bad Men and Bad Women toric Water-Road---Told s Old-Time Captains



Old Drawing of a Pioneer Family With Household Goods and Livestock in One of the Flatboats Which Was a Primitive Form of Navigation on the Rivers: These Boats Could Only Go South With the Stream and Were Sold When the Passengers Reached Their Destinations. They Were Often Called Broadhorns, Because of the Two Steering Oars.

d Lost Man, Opened Up One of the First "Houses of Entertainment" n Lands Passing Down the Ohio and Mississippi, Drew Near, Wilson, r Women and Robbed them—His Was the First Real "Robber Roost" Old Mississippi.

Another Early 19th Century River Type by the Same Artist Who Drew the Captain

River Pirates of Around the Year 1820 Sallying Out From Their Cave to Attack a Flatboat. From a Crude Old Woodcut of the Time.

[illegible] he had a big [illegible] Wilson was a relative to his hiking [illegible] children spent the day picking blackberries and once they thought they heard somebody scream, way off in the direction of the river. But when the [illegible] children asked their mother who it was, she turned white and said:

"[illegible] nothing; jes' a wildcat, I guess. But don't you be skaard. Ain't nothing going to hurt us [illegible] we mind our own business."

That night when they got back to the cave the [illegible] and all of them go out into the woods and pick blackberries.

"And see you don't get back until after dark. You understand?"

So the women and the children spent the day picking blackberries and once they thought they heard somebody scream, way off in the direction of the river. But when the [illegible] children asked their mother who it was, she turned white and said:

"[illegible] nothing; jes' a wildcat, I guess. But don't you be skaard. Ain't nothing going to hurt us [illegible] we mind our own business."

That night when they got back to the cave the [illegible] Wilson was [illegible] up.

Nobody [illegible] Wilson would keep a close eye on his new recruits until another boat came along. Then he would make them kill anybody from that boat who wouldn't join the gang. He figured he couldn't trust the new men until they had killed somebody. When they had done that they would be afraid [illegible] down the river [illegible] shipper [illegible]

But at last [illegible] New Orleans with the [illegible] been shown [illegible] from the [illegible] that the [illegible] ing down the river [illegible] when it passed a certain

(Continued on Page [illegible])

Housing Problem Becoming Acute in England's Bird Paradise

This Remarkable Picture Was Taken on Grassholm Island, 18 Miles Off the Coast of Wales, Where Gannets, Under Protection of the Government, Are Breeding So Fast That There Isn't Room for All of Them.

S

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C M I M

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"V R O M

W

Mrs. Leonard Hamilton of Dallas, Texas Wearing the Gown She Fashioned of 1,000 Stamps Pasted to a Paper Foundation. Every One of the Stamps Bears the 200th Anniversary of the Landing of George Washington

Bases of Wire Haired Terrier Lures After Dark on Sight. Two of the Fishes are Made of Wood and Are Lighted with Electric Bulbs Marking Two of the Streets in Ray Ridge Maryland

Fashion Expert Does Her Hair Fashion Show Showing Clothes in a French Machine Shop


I'm all dated up for '38
. . . a date with Chesterfield
will show you how refreshingly mild a cigarette can be . . . it will introduce you to that better taste that smokers like.
Chesterfields will give you more pleasure than any cigarette you ever smoked.
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
CHESTERFIELD
Weekly Radio Features
CBS
Paul Whiteman
Deems Taylor
Paul Douglas

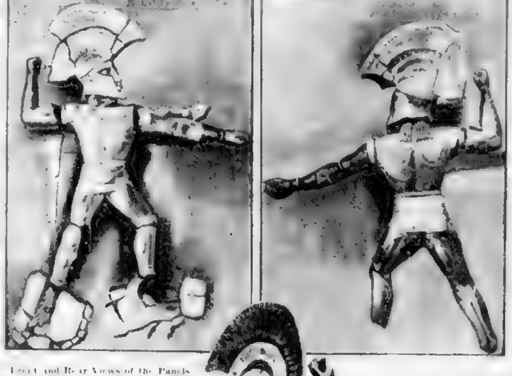
Loot of the World's First War for Art?

Science Pieces Together the Fragments of a Gigantic God Which May Have Come From the Etruscans' "City of 2,000 Statues" Pillaged to Adorn Ancient Rome

Profile of the Huge Terra-Cotta Figure of Mars Made in a Giant Oven by the Skilled and Mysterious Etruscans. It Is 8 Feet in Height and Has Polychrome Decorations. On Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

Front View of the Complete Figure Restored From the Terra Cotta Fragments Experts Found That It Had Been Built From the Bottom Up and Was Baked All in One Piece

Full Face View of the Etruscan War-God Which May Have Been Part of the Loot of the "City of 2 000 Statues



Front and Rear Views of the Panels of the Statue As It Was Being Pieced Together. The Weapons, Sword and Shield, Are Missing

Rear View of the Figure Now Complete

A FEW [illegible] April. The R[illegible] god and [illegible] sought [illegible] treasures [illegible] [illegible] of 1760 degrees Fahrenheit. M[illegible] experts believe that after [illegible] the clay figure [illegible] and baked [illegible]

The Romans during their wars looted freely from conquered cities. Polybius the Greek historian in writing of them said: The Romans would bear away stores of bronze and silver, of ivory and gold, of art and ornate vases and tapestries.

But they were not alone among victorious peoples who [illegible] the treasures of the conquered [illegible]

[illegible] carried off [illegible]

The Spanish conquerors, Cortez and [illegible] arranged their fortunes with the [illegible] art and as a result the treasures of the Aztecs and Incas found their way to the capital of Spain.

But the greatest wartime plunderer of art work in all history was Napoleon. During his 1796 campaign in Italy he loaded ships with priceless masterpieces, statues and manuscripts and sent them to Paris. Among these were paintings by Raphael, Michelangelo and Correggio. He also transported to Paris the four famous bronze horses of San Marco in Venice. These same horses, sometimes credited to the Greek sculptor Lysippus, in the time of [illegible]

Rome had [illegible] the Etruscan city of Veii, of which [illegible] under the name Kupra was the [illegible] goddess and protectress. Much to the surprise of the Roman [illegible] Veii proved a [illegible]. In fact it took ten years before the Etruscans finally surrendered. The Romans, who were never noted for modesty, particularly as far as their army was concerned, refused to believe that [illegible] could have withstood them [illegible] they decided [illegible] very powerful deity [illegible] when Veii fell and the Romans had [illegible] picked up, they [illegible] vicinity of Kupra's shrine [illegible] as [illegible] most powerful [illegible] gods could expect.

[illegible] masters and [illegible] the Romans then suggested that as the Etruscans had gone down to defeat in spite of the helping hand Kupra had extended she might be a bit fed up with Etruria and open to an offer to visit Rome. The statue of Kupra was taken to Rome and in the finest chariot available. Choirs chanted hymns when she arrived and incense streamed from censers. She was housed in a new temple built for her on the Aventine Hill and she was rechristened Juno.

A short time later she was officially married to Jupiter. Just what Jupiter thought of it all is not recorded, but he must have been fairly well satisfied because for centuries his statue, that of his Etruscan wife and his daughter, Minerva, sat in Rome's chief temple without any noticeable discord.

One would have thought that the Romans would have been fairly grateful to the Etruscans who had taught them so many and such useful things—not only how to keep their cities clean by the use of sewers, but to keep themselves [illegible] the big steaming baths that [illegible]

[illegible] Romans were [illegible] grateful. As [illegible] fact they [illegible] destroy as much as they could of everything that [illegible] them and [illegible]

[illegible] have a [illegible] sized figure [illegible] at his side [illegible] apparent [illegible] people ever [illegible] for a man's coffin [illegible] statues show the dead man [illegible]

The Etruscans rose to the height of their power about 400 years before the foundation of Rome. They monopolized commerce along the coast of Italy and it is believed some of their trading ships went as far away as England. [illegible] completed its work [illegible] their principal cities had been destroyed by the ferocious Gauls who came [illegible] from the North.

The [illegible] city of Volterra were laid together without mortar of any sort and the [illegible]gate of the city that is still standing is of majestic proportions. Immense public baths in this city are among the earliest known.

The statue shown on this page depicting a warrior is typical of the Etruscans who [illegible] of fighting, gladiatorial contests and sports. The fact that they show comedy scenes in their tombs indicates that the Etruscans had a firm belief in a future life and therefore were not afraid to die. This is a fine outlook for a soldier and when the Romans came along they adopted it in their armies.

Today, probably no one is sufficently interested in prize-fighting, wrestling, baseball, and so on to order scenes of these sports painted in their tombs or on the tops of their coffins.

But a sporting Etruscan gentleman of some [illegible] years ago decided such a thought was a happy idea and had his elaborate tomb at [illegible] painted with a series of scenes from gladiatorial contests [illegible] a highly realistic picture of the [illegible] sacrifices that [illegible] such festivities.

[illegible] sports enthusiasts he was superstitious [illegible] bird was painted [illegible] the rest of the scenes.

Probably nothing they got from the Etruscans so pleased the Romans as the gladiatorial games. They first [illegible] in Rome a few [illegible] before [illegible] became fashionable at the funerals of important men. About 150 B.C. [illegible] celebrated his father's funeral with a three-day fight in which [illegible] the arena [illegible] Caesar [illegible] Roman [illegible]

[illegible] gladiators [illegible] to death [illegible]

[illegible] was so [illegible] that he [illegible] In Nero's time the craze was at such a pitch that high-born [illegible] and fought in the arena. [illegible] battle was waged between [illegible] dwarfs.

The gladiators were trained in state-owned schools and occasionally in private schools owned by very rich men. Any successful fighter was ever more famous than modern prize-fighters. Great sums of money and jewels were lavished on him, poets sang his praises and the most beautiful women sought his favor.

The Etruscans never [illegible] of spectacles such as those put on by the Romans, another indication that they were not so cruel nor such a bunch of playboys as the Romans painted them.

Aqueducts, roads and other early engineering discoveries usually credited to the Romans were actually invented by the Etruscans. But if it had not been for their remarkable art it is probable that they never would have gotten any credit for these inventions, so freely copied by their conquerors.

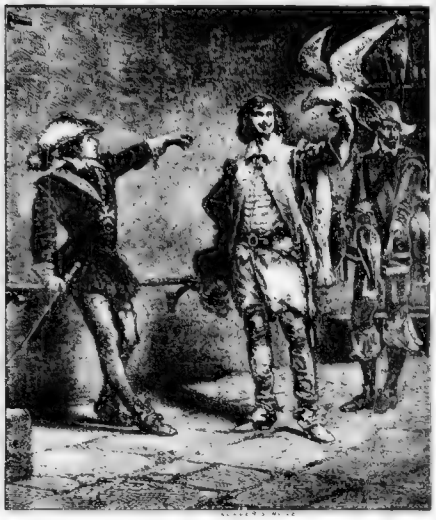
In fact, when the earliest Etruscan statues came to light many people were of the belief they represented some unknown civilization and it was some time before savants could realize that these crude Etruscans that the Romans had talked about were actually the ones who taught Rome almost all she knew and who had known these arts themselves centuries before Rome was even thought of.

But because of their fragility most of the Etruscan terra cotta statues have been destroyed or are so fragmentary that they are virtually valueless.

The Etruscan Mars was broken in several pieces, but with the exception of one small piece of his thumb, all the pieces were found and the only restoration necessary was to cement the pieces together.

"EMPIRES OF THE MOON"

No. 2—"The Duchess of Hell"
By H. Bedford-Jones



Continued from Page 7

"OLD MAN RIVER"---By Captain Louis Rosche

(Continued from Double Page)

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Helium Used in Deep-Sea Diving

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

"EMPIRES OF THE MOON"

No. 2—"The Duchess of Hell"

By H. Bedford-Jones

(Continued from Page 15)

Cardinal Richelieu. From a Picture in King of England's Collection

[illegible]

[illegible] corner [illegible] that reached [illegible] at a [illegible] Morgan [illegible]

[illegible]

fore I tell the royal officers all I know. Go with your English friends tonight, Duchess of Hell!"

As his words pierced her, she became white to the lips. Her [illegible] He [illegible]

[illegible] There is no [illegible]

[illegible] paper he had picked up in the road, and flung it on the table. "There, traitress! Your plan of St. Malo, your directions written in English. Further, I heard you talking with Morgan in the [illegible] were committed from your own lips."

She shrank back from his blazing eyes. He turned again and started for the door. With a rush

(Continued on Page 18)

[illegible]

What [illegible] Madame?"

She curtsied. "I am just going there, M[illegible]"

"Show me the room," Artagnan said [illegible]

The girl led [illegible] Without knocking, she opened it and stepped across the threshold.

The room was large, a huge

Satisfying Winter Soups

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

In planning cold weather [illegible] good start.

Such a thin soup is often [illegible] squares of toasted bread may be put in the bottom before pouring on the soup.

The next group, the thin or [illegible] cream soup [illegible] the preface to luncheon [illegible] heat.

[illegible] parsnips, dried lima beans, oyster plant or salsify, and cauliflower. White turnips make a most delicious cream soup featured as a de luxe item on the bill of fare of a noted hotel.

If the pulp of the cream soup is [illegible] from fish or sea food the soup is rightly called a bisque. [illegible]

And now for the third type, the hearty meat soup or chowder, whose [illegible] characteristic is that it's a whole [illegible] bowl. If the thin soup has a meat stock base, it is given heartiness by the use of such ingredients as rice, alphabets, noodles, barley and plenty of chopped vegetables.

[illegible] pepper pot, mulligatawny, etc., is a good meal. [illegible] then strain. Add to [illegible] of bread and a grating of cheese.

The good old bean family also does its share for soups. Mention has already been made of dried lima bean soup, but the black bean makes a soup [illegible] are only a variety of bean kept in fresh form, and they too make a soup for which a hungry man would bless the giver. [illegible] with small cocktail frankfurts heated in it just before serving, and a thin slice of lemon [illegible] the rich taste.

Nations have [illegible] for their special soups: the onion soup of France, the beet soup of Russia, the clam chowder of New England [illegible] cept as they were cooked in [illegible] all its load of valuable vitamins [illegible]

Do you know that The American Weekly prints more [illegible] stories in a year than all the other [illegible] magazines combined?

"EMPIRES OF THE MOON"

No. 2—"The Duchess of Hell"

By H. Bedford-Jones

Continued from Page 17

[illegible]

[illegible] that he could scarce[illegible]

He moved back until he was [illegible] against the open [illegible]. Her speed and strength [illegible] desperately he parried those savage lunges, those thrusts aimed at his heart. She meant to kill him. He could read it in her white face, in her flaming eyes.

As he retreated before her, he realized that there was no escape by the door. Voices were [illegible] through the [illegible]

Continued on Page [illegible]

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Orange Juice	Prunes Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Hot Steamed Rice Tea	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Poached Egg Toast Tea	Unsweetened Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Tea Coffee	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice Cereal Milk Toast Coffee	Pears, Whole Grain Cereal Individual Chocolate Cake Coffee	Grapefruit and Orange Juice Cereal Soft-Boiled Egg Pancakes Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Pared Beans in Casserole Stewed Tomatoes Apple Salad Pineapple Pie	Cream of Celery Soup Croutons Macaroni Savory Cheese Sliced Pineapple Cup Cakes	Sardine Salad Mixed Vegetable Salad Savory Dressing Cocoanut Sponge Cake	Cheese and Dried Fruit Salad Jellied Tomato Salad Whole Wheat Bread Fruit Cup Cookies	Chowder Crackers Green Beans Salad French Dressing Lemon Meringue Pie	New York Ham Milk or coffee Baked Potatoes Cucumber Salad Dried Apricot Salad Fruit Cup Pineapple Pie	Cream of Vegetable Soup Pot Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Green Beans Pie
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Rice Tomatoes Lettuce Salad Cheese Wafers Fruit Trifle	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Spinach Cranberry Pie	Baked Veal Cutlet with Mushroom Sauce Mashed Potatoes Spinach Pudding	Roast Pork Sauerkraut Baked Beans Pudding	Baked Fish Tartar Sauce Fried Potatoes Tomato Salad Pineapple Pie	Roast Lamb Mint Sauce Mashed Potatoes Spinach Lettuce Salad Mince Pie	Cold Meats Potato Salad Pickles Cake

Quick Hot Breads for Cold Days

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

A [illegible] can be [illegible] by [illegible] and well [illegible] quick hot bread with [illegible] by [illegible] and [illegible] fast results. Experiment with temperatures as recommended for each [illegible] Butter always is [illegible] a charming [illegible]

Quick Nut Rolls

F[illegible]

Cornmeal Muffins

MIX and sift 2 cups sifted [illegible] flour, 1 cup [illegible] sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 6 teaspoons baking powder. Beat 2 eggs and 1 cup milk and stir into dry ingredients. Add 2 tablespoons melted butter. Turn into greased muffin pans and bake in a quick oven or at about 425 degrees.

Baking Powder Biscuits

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 6 to 8 tablespoons butter and a scant cup of milk. Add milk with a spoon or knife. Toss on slightly floured board [illegible] about [illegible] inch thick. Cut and bake in quick oven [illegible] about 400 degrees F. for [illegible] minutes.

Pimiento Cheese Biscuit

MIX and sift 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Work in 2 tablespoons butter and about [illegible] cup milk and [illegible] tablespoons [illegible] Add 2 tablespoons butter [illegible] and 2 tablespoons butter [illegible] Sugar [illegible] Kan[illegible]

Nut Fruit Bread

R[illegible] 1½ cups [illegible] apricots [illegible] water and [illegible] [illegible] teaspoons [illegible] 1 teaspoon [illegible] Add [illegible] added with 5 teaspoons [illegible] and 1 teaspoon salt. Add the chopped apricots and ½ cup chopped nuts. Turn into greased small loaf pans. Bake about 25 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Turn out on wire cake-cooler.

MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined

"Empires of the Moon"

No. 2—"The Duchess of Hell"

By H. Bedford-Jones

(Continued from Page 18)

[illegible] plots at Intrigue [illegible] of Hell

"T[illegible]

[illegible] Pa[illegible]

[illegible] Bear

I [illegible] a [illegible] breath.

Well, I take back all my words about empires of the moon, Parton. Still, I don't recall that history says anything about our friend Artagnan being responsible for the smashup of that conspiracy.

"[illegible] disaster. [illegible] his beaming death [illegible] Vi[illegible] [illegible] Strong, [illegible] a [illegible] but [illegible]

[illegible] about her [illegible] she mov[illegible] find a [illegible] Charles [illegible] hair? [illegible] He was known in the Musketeers as M[illegible] Artagnan, and it never came out until years later what his real name was."

I frowned. "But, Parton, why do you call him Artagnan? The name has always been spelled [illegible]

[illegible] Marie [illegible] [illegible] should [illegible] there.

[illegible]

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3799. HERE'S A FETCHING FROCK YOU'LL WEAR ALMOST ANYWHERE. SLIM TRIM PANEL PLEATED OR FLARED SLEEVES AND POINTED COLLAR. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 Wash A requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3649. ON SPORTING LINES A BIKING FROCK OF COTTON OR LINEN THAT WEARS HUNDRED ALL THE WAY DOWN THE SIDE. Designed for [illegible] and Women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires [illegible] yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3797. MAKE YOUR HOURS "AT HOME" GAY WITH A BEAUTIFULLY FITTED WASH FROCK THAT WEARS HIGH, LIE RIA. Designed for misses and women: sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires [illegible] yards 36-inch fabric and 2½ yards rick-rac.

Pattern 3513. PUSSY CAT FINISHES UP YOUR CHORES FOR YOU, IF YOU CROSS HIM ON A [illegible] TEA TOWELS! In pattern [illegible]

[illegible] Size [illegible] requires [illegible] yards [illegible] inch fabric.

Pattern 3753. DON'T BE IN A HURRY THIS SNAPPY FROCK IS A REAL REVELATION. Designed for [illegible] Women's sizes 16, 18, [illegible] 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

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When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

Tone and Drama in Modern Boston

LOOKS LIKE ROMANCE! Three two-somes who seem interested. Jane Prentiss and Mickey Kelly at left; Patsy Kelly and Whit at right; and in the center Sheila and Brad Talton, who seem oblivious to their companions.

these women was about [illegible] nor Mickey or Patsy. It kept humming around in her brain with the music.

"I like the tune well. It's [illegible] wonderful. This lovely place, [illegible] music. Brad everything. Tomorrow, I'll have to go back to my typewriter. And tomorrow night there'll be no Towne Club, no Brad. And I'll miss them.

Tomorrow. Why, within twelve hours, she'd be lunching with Jerry. Probably at Jack's. They'd walk across the Common and look at the fallen leaves, and talk about people they both knew.

Then she'd go back to her job and he to his law office, or more likely to one of his endless campaign meetings.

She wondered whether she'd ever love Jerry enough to give up living with other men, as Trudy had. She doubted it. Yet she had danced with Jerry [illegible] rare occasions when they went dancing. Even [illegible] stepped in her arms in awhile. The [illegible] kidder! a terrible Jerry was. He could step on your feet and not know it. Brad never stepped on your feet so [illegible]

"What are you [illegible] Sheila, [illegible] being [illegible] Brad asked.

She told [illegible]

"Hey, [illegible] Brad's [illegible] "[illegible] I'm [illegible] with [illegible] I don't [illegible] I [illegible]

"Don't dare to," she told him.

Then it was long after midnight, and Patsy was sipping sips out of [illegible] Jane Prentiss was [illegible] Mickey [illegible] at her [illegible]

[illegible]

Time to leave. Definitely. She'd phoned earlier, telling Del Mickey was with her and they'd be [illegible] and not to worry. But Mom had a way of waking up around [illegible] And it was [illegible] Time to [illegible] Brad and [illegible] Jim [illegible] My [illegible]

[illegible]

. . . telling what she was going to buy Mom [illegible] Patsy was [illegible] Mickey [illegible] Patsy [illegible] Brad [illegible] Whit [illegible]

"[illegible] a pain. Why pass up a nice boy because he's crazy with [illegible] and money? I know. What's this [illegible]

[illegible]

tory and the strange alias he'd [illegible] State [illegible] Hall [illegible] telling her where they'd [illegible]

[illegible]

START HERE AT THE BEGINNING TO READ This Great Story

A Story of Modern Boston!

Written by Anthony Merrill and Lionel Moise

Photographs by William Jones

"WHEN A CABOT LOVES A KELLY"

Cast of Characters

SHEILA KELLY of South Boston
Played by RUTH WEIDMAN
PATSY KELLY, her sister
Played by CLAIRE NEVULIS
MICKEY KELLY.....Played by DICK MALONEY
MA KELLY, Sheila's mother .. Played by EDITH LUSK
LT. GOVERNOR KELLY.....Played by himself
BRADFORD TALTON of Harvard
Played by EDWARD GUERNEY
JERRY O'DONOVAN, Boston College '31
Played by FRANK McGRATH
JANE PRENTISS of Beacon Street
Played by MURIEL COCHRANE
POLICE COMMISSIONER TIMILTY Played by himself
JACK SHARKEY, ex-champion.....Played by himself
DAN CARROLL .....Played by himself
WHIT PRENTISS, Jane's cousin
Played by JOHN REEVES
BIG GUS, the Racket King ....Played by VIN MURRAY
GREEFY, a Gangster.... .....Played by RUD HOYE
TRUDY WENDELL of Dover
Played by POLLY STEVENS
NANCY HURLBURT of the Towne Club
Played by LESLIE BLAKE
VINCE BARTON ...Played by CHARLES F. LINCOLN
MAYOR TOBIN .....Played by himself
TEDDY of the North End Played by SULLY EMMETT
A NIGHT CLUB OWNER ..
Played by BENNY GINSBERG
DELPHINE BARTON
Played by CLAUDETTE CORBIER
BARNEY KELLY .....Played by MICHAEL BURNS
LITTLE TIMMY .....Played by BUDDY HOLLAND

Attaches of the Copley Plaza, Liggett's, the Towne Club, Harvard, Boston Elevated, etc.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Drama

CHAPTER I

"I was born down on A Street
And brought up on B Street
And Southie is my home town . . ."

THE tune went lilting through Sheila Kelly's head as her slim fingers skipped over the typewriter keys. She could give half her mind to the tune, and half to the committee reports she'd been typing all day long.

Dull things, they were, which didn't require her complete concentration. And the song had popped into her head merely because she'd suddenly remembered she was to meet her younger sister, Patsy, at 5:30, and she and Patsy would go home together—to West Ninth street, South Boston.

From her desk in the State House, Sheila could look out on Beacon street and the Common, and she could catch a glimpse of the clock on the steeple of the Park Street Church

"I'll be a little early," she reflected as she zipped the final committee report out of her machine. Then she slapped down the cover of her desk, stowed the odds and ends away, and, grabbing her bag from a bottom drawer, she raced for the washroom.

Her eyes felt a little tired as she freshened herself before the mirror, but all the committee reports in

Continued on Next Page

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

Love and Drama in Modern Boston

PRETTY SHEILA KELLY, heroine of our story, leaves her employment at State House for home.

the world couldn't dim their clear brightness. There was a spirit of youth and gaiety in the deep blue eyes of Sheila Kelly—a spirit that, as long as she lived, she would never quite lose.

She had a firm little chin which belied the purely flippant aspect of her turned up nose. At the [illegible] which she around [illegible] Lipstick, had a tender, laughing curve to it—but there were times when it could stiffen to a small, stubborn line.

Sheila whisked a comb through her reddish gold hair and arranged [illegible] smooth curls on her cheeks. It was a tantalizing color—Sheila's hair—and only the sunlight could find all its coppery, burnished tints.

"There!" she breathed, and, clapping on her tan felt, slipped into her last year's gray topcoat. Then out the Beacon street door and down the long wide stairs trodden by generations of Boston's great and little—statesmen and wardheelers—honest men and [illegible]—[illegible] political princes and vassals—some destined for larger fame, more for oblivion.

• • •

[illegible] men [illegible] principles, races, faiths, dreams and desires—Cranes, Cabots, Coolidges, Walsh's, Elys, Fuller—Curleys, Hurleys, Connolys and Kennedys—Saltonstalls, Ames, Frothinghams — Goldbergs, Boudreaus, Brognas, Lagones, Olsens, Waggers, McLeans . . . and—Kellys. All part of the great Boston parade of self-government that began at Bunker Hill and is still marching on no one knows exactly where, but certainly away from the days of kings and colonial governors . . . The Kellys few and far back at first, treading the procession, but inexorably moving forward through the years, closer and closer to the band.

Cabots and Kellys . . . an old, old [illegible] on a new battlefield with the banner of democracy tossing overhead, and an even break for all. And that most historians agree, is [illegible] Cabots or Kellys ever ask in battle or in love.

• • •

[illegible] a [illegible] — not a Cabot sister—tripped down the [illegible] Sheila Kelly of Southie on this particular bright afternoon in early October.

The old stone steps, braced for the ponderous tread of statesmen, can hardly have felt the passage of her dancing feet.

Slight was the news that flung her young heart [illegible] important to her. Her temporary job at the State House was to be another three months. Sought news indeed, when you consider how incongruous it was that any creature so gay, so beautiful, so delicately wooed for rapturous [illegible] of happiness [illegible] be tied down to any job at all.

Masculine heads turned to watch, downcast masculine eyes lifted, alert in keen appreciation of the clean slenderness of her limbs, the upflung poise of her plucky little chin, the lilting confident swing of her supple body.

She was a [illegible] "I'd kind of like to [illegible]" and finally with a sigh "No use. She's not the kind of girl to make dates that way."

• • •

Maybe [illegible] Jerry Fitzgerald [illegible]—perhaps Greefy Kelly [illegible] In his best moments, Greefy fell a long way short of regularity, and today he was farther from it than usual because he had chosen it as a day for getting high on marijuana. After Greefy had inhaled a few whiffs of the sense-inflaming narcotic—which he bought on "Mass. Avenue" for 50 cents per cigarette—his self-importance was prone to swell, causing him to regard himself as irresistible to any female.

Now Greefy never smoked marijuana when he had important business on hand, such as a knifing or shooting, but today's matter was another type of important business as he lounged at an observation post near the statue of General Hooker and watched Sheila descend the State House steps. It was business which made it important for Mr. Greefy Hoopman to become irresistible to the girl upon whom his [illegible] and [illegible] Joyous were [illegible] fastened.

[illegible] at [illegible] figure, Greefy, for one [illegible] a part of the Boston parade. A factor through a [illegible] and shady one, in helping to decide elections, shape legislative policies and influence many things that happened under the dignified dome of the State House, or the less imposing Cupola of City Hall, four blocks away.

For Greefy—he had received his nickname from his vice—from "greefa" or "reefer," underworld names for marijuana—was top torpedo and [illegible] of all around terrorist for Big Gus Mornick. And Big Gus, because he ran number pool and other rackets, was keenly interested in politics, state as well as city; in all such things, for instance as would help his professions and not hurt them.

Therefore, it was no coincidence that Greefy Hoopman was lounging near the General Hooker statue as Sheila tripped down the State House steps. Big Gus, the boss, with that same "keen interest" in things, was "curious" about the contents of a report from Captain John Stokes, chief of state detectives, to Paul Dever, the attorney general, regarding the state detectives' investigation of rackets in Boston and [illegible] of Revere. And Big Gus knew that Sheila Kelly had typed this report.

In some manner, Greefy was to strike up an acquaintance with this girl, warm up the acquaintance to the point at which the report—somehow—could be reached. That was the boss' order, and the boss' orders were not taken lightly.

However even though hazy visions, peculiar to his drug addiction, swam before Greefy's eyes, and even though he felt himself above his height, a figure romantic, a Romeo attractive to any Juliet—he was vaguely worried as to method.

When Sheila turned into Park street, he took up the chase. Before she reached Tremont street, she paused in the shadow of the Park Street church, looking for Gerald O'Donovan. When a law practice permitted, Jerry sometimes met her there. Not in front of the State House, because Jerry was temporarily on the "out" side of politics and did not want to imperil Sheila's job.

• • •

The incumbent State House faction belonged to what Jerry termed "the old mob," and he was looking toward the time when it would be supplanted by younger men. This was natural enough, as Jerry was young himself—only five years out of Boston College, where he was [illegible] as an all American [illegible]. He had been only two [illegible]

Some of his enemies said he was practicing more politics than law, but Jerry had been reared in a Roxbury political hotbed and had been taking part in campaigns [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] Jerry near Houghton Gorney's, Sheila crossed over toward the subway, as unaware of the pursuing Greefy as if he did not exist. In fact, moral cripples did not exist in Sheila's world, except as something heard of once in a while and dismissed with a hasty misgiving as to the destiny of their souls.

Physical cripples did exist, however, such as the legless man near the subway entrance, and Sheila, moved to share her good fortune, paused to smile and drop a nickel in his hat. There was no beggar's cynicism in his responding grin. Sheila's own smile usually did that to people, perhaps even made being legless and a beggar more endurable.

And then, as a solution of which he, even in his "reefered" state, never would have dreamed, fortune smiled for Greefy, hovering uncertainly in the background. [illegible] dropped nickel, her [illegible] at the [illegible] chap [illegible] on the concrete [illegible] had been [illegible] by a [illegible] hardier of Boston Common [illegible] perhaps, than he moved all day [illegible]

• • •

"Please, lady, a dime for a [illegible] coffee," he mumbled, but the breeze brought to Sheila's pretty nose the fetid smell of [illegible]

"No," she said quickly and started to pass around him. He shuffled in front of her again, however.

"You gave it to him," he insisted, indicating the cripple.

But then Greefy was on the spot seizing his chance. He shoved the frowsy panhandler aside [illegible] ped

"Beat it! Leave this girl a[illegible] see."

[illegible] as if [illegible] to [illegible]

"Say, you're Sheila Kelly [illegible] works at the State House."

"Why yes," she replied [illegible]

"I thought I'd seen you up there. I'm in there a lot, see."

"Well, I've got to go now, but I want to thank you so much," said Sheila. If she had been [illegible] before, she was equally [illegible] at this avid, unnaturally pallid [illegible]

Not had Greefy's brain [illegible] clear and his senses not addled by the dual matter of the [illegible] for carrying out [illegible] and the wild desire for [illegible] that had suddenly seized him, he might have let the meeting go as a nice start, with an excuse to drop into her office the following day.

But instead he seized her arm. Flames seemed to dance in his skull as she tore the arm away.

"You let me go," she cried, but again he seized her arm as several pedestrians stopped to stare.

"Meet me later and I'll let you go now, sister," he demanded.

Then—he had gone to their rendezvous by the church and had hurried on in hope of catching her before she reached the subway—the broad bulk of Jerry O'Donovan [illegible] A hamlike hand shot out and grasped the torpedo's shirt front. [illegible] grasped and [illegible] shook Greefy until his teeth were [illegible]

"Oh, Jerry!" Sheila half-[illegible] in [illegible]

O'Donovan stopped the [illegible] but still held [illegible]

"What'll I do to him, Sheila?" he asked. "I ought to kill him."

[illegible] Jerry swung with his free hand and his open palm made a noise against Greefy's face as a [illegible] for a hard hit [illegible]

"Look out, Jerry!" said Sheila. "Don't get in trouble. There's a cop coming."

O'Donovan looked around and saw a traffic policeman leaving his nearby post [illegible] because it was [illegible]

Greefy was [illegible] ously, his face [illegible] ing.

"I ought to turn him over," said O'Donovan, the lawyer.

Then: "But you'd have to appear against him." That was O'Donovan the lover.

And, finally: "Well, this'll do him more good than jail." Another resounding clop, this time across the gunman's eyes. And that was O'Donovan, the erstwhile star tackle and Roxbury boy.

"On you way, Jerry dear," urged Sheila. "I'll take care of the cop."

"No you won't," replied Lover O'Donovan. "You vanish. Understand. Get moving, darling. I'll call you at the house. Go now or you'll get us both in a jam."

He turned to see the traffic policeman was still a hundred yards away, not hurrying, apparently under the impression it was just another soap-box debate.

"Look," he said to an admiring newsboy. "There's a lady over. And I'm in a hurry. Here's a quarter. If that cop wants to know anything, tell him I'm just leaving at

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

Love and Drama in Modern Boston

GAY HOUSE PARTY—Jane Prentiss, left, Brad and Sheila take time off to discuss pleasantries at Dover house party.

glance [illegible] Sheila again then with a [illegible] her back to Brad. "Hum. As I thought. well, it's a funny world and it—"

"[illegible] were sitting [illegible] Trudy [illegible] among them. He was [illegible]

"[illegible]" said Brad.

"Still I don't get it" said Mickey, after he was gone. "That mug and you—being here."

Sheila tried to pitch her voice [illegible] frank [illegible]

"[illegible] Brad [illegible] Lead [illegible] know [illegible] have [illegible] Trudy [illegible]

• • •

[illegible] "Your [illegible] Mickey [illegible] a dozen big surprises in her pond [illegible] Mickey [illegible] Trudy [illegible] I don't [illegible]

"Say [illegible] Mickey [illegible] Wait [illegible] we'd [illegible] we drew on the [illegible] kid? I [illegible] in nobody's funny [illegible] his [illegible] Big Gus Morrick [illegible] Sheila and Brad were [illegible] with Mickey. He wouldn't [illegible] where Cabot [illegible] stood in relation to Sheila Kelly. Funny about that girl.

"Listen"—and he tried to resemble that public misconception of Big Gus Morrick, the big hearted friend of man, "you listen to your sister, kid. She's 18karat, I can tell. Then some time soon me and her and you will get up to my joint and talk it all over. Together, see?"

"Why?" objected Mickey. "You changed your mind about going through with our deal?"

"Don't worry about that kid" said Big Gus [illegible] he came to an affable [illegible] "[illegible] to your sister. She was. I got to [illegible] The [illegible] is getting [illegible] Sorry you [illegible] later." With a [illegible] at Sheila he was [illegible]

• • •

Around the corner on Massachusetts [illegible] Boylston up towards [illegible] a [illegible] store on Massachusetts and Columbus. He had Young Maggio with him.

"[illegible] out of your [illegible] Big Gus wanted to know."

"Gee, [illegible]" said Maggie in [illegible] defense. "I don't my best [illegible] I never [illegible] I don't."

"Sure" said [illegible] "Y'got [illegible] Big Gus [illegible] that wing you in the first [illegible]"

Maggio shot another distrustful glance at the silent waiting Goofy.

"You don't figure I laid down?" he asked, terror in his tone. "You know I wouldn't pull nothin' like that on you. Gimme another chance Gus."

Morrick's manner changed.

"Forget it, Mag," he said. "I knew you wouldn't fop on me. You [illegible]"

"[illegible]" Maggie [illegible] with relief.

"That was the Morrick system. Scare 'em, then give 'em a pat. Make 'em grateful they were alive. [illegible]

[illegible] okay. [illegible] temporarily held up his [illegible] Kind of a [illegible] But you [illegible] a [illegible]

"Gee Gus! [illegible] tested [illegible]"

• • •

As Big Gus [illegible] the [illegible] Brad [illegible] Jane [illegible]

"An admirer [illegible] introduced her to Mickey. "She yearns for your autograph."

"Cranberries!" replied Jane. "Brad and you were leaving and I [illegible]. We [illegible]

"Where [illegible]" [illegible] "[illegible] then."

"At the Towne Club." [illegible] Sheila was [illegible] child. She glanced at Mickey.

"Guess we'll have to go after [illegible]" said [illegible]

[illegible] go to the Towne Club [illegible] Sheila would rave like [illegible] the [illegible] Yet [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible]

As they turned into the Lady and Whit, and already on the dance floor.

"Good evening, Miss [illegible] sing, sir." Earl Greenbaum, the manager greeted them [illegible] tially and led the way to Trudy's table.

• • •

Trudy greeted them [illegible]

"So glad your brother [illegible] come," she said to Sheila. "[illegible] adored the way you polished off that Mayor [illegible] Mr. [illegible] I do [illegible] ly done."

"He hasn't a thing but [illegible] house right" said Mickey. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Go ahead," said T[illegible]

[illegible] "Never [illegible] about each other. And [illegible] a [illegible] dance and Trudy's a [illegible]

"That's why," said Sheila wisely, "I think he's sweet."

"[illegible] guy" said Brad. "Everybody knows it. That's why she can get away with murder."

Trudy understood. That was what it was like to be really on the top of the heap. So secure [illegible] could [illegible] the Social Register.

[illegible]

[illegible] Brad [illegible] around [illegible] know [illegible] a way of [illegible] "[illegible] remember why I told you at [illegible] Hey [illegible] Hey [illegible] for me?"

• • •

[illegible] Mickey [illegible] Sheila [illegible] to keep [illegible]

[illegible]

NANCY HURLBURT of the Towne Club, played by Leslie Blake, favors with a song for Jane Prentiss, Brad, Sheila, Whit, Patsy and Mickey

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

Love and Drama in Modern Boston

father stepped into the ring. Brad O'Donovan was Mickey.

"Patsy!" But Patsy was already on her feet, screaming her excitement.

Mickey's seconds were speaking to his ear, and his gaze was fixed intently on his opponent, a heavy-muscled man, powerful in his brown, dark and hairy, with a short, powerful neck and a low set head.

So that was why she hadn't found Mickey. Visions of his fathers imprisonment had begun under a ring, was O'Donovan, was the homeless one. And now she wondered desperately what to do about it. Was there any hope? Then the bell rang, and the men stepped out of their corners.

Jane jumped, as Patsy leaned forward.

"There," she said, pointing Mickey, [illegible] and a pulse beat in her throat.

She hardly heard her. As the [illegible] moment on a chair in the corner of the ring, a bar rose, [illegible] Mickey [illegible] reason [illegible]

• • •

[illegible] was a sea of stamping [illegible] of Mickey [illegible] unusual. [illegible] all [illegible] come to the Arena [illegible] Mickey and been [illegible] And [illegible] nothing [illegible] except for him to hit Maggio back, twice as hard.

The weight and strength the crowd [illegible] its feet. Big Gus Morrick's [illegible] with the rest. His hack voice rose above the din.

"At'a Maggio! Y'a get him on his hee'a. Tip'em [illegible]"

Sheila sent him a fur'ive, contemptuous glance.

But Mickey was a long way from being on his heels. As the heavier man closed in ready for the kill he side-stepped, feinted, feinted again and shot in a [illegible] that left jab.

Maggio's head rocked back. A hard right to the stomach followed, and Maggio fell into a clinch.

In the break Mickey whipped in another of these sweet lefts. His face was grim as granite, and as cool.

"It looks to me," said Brad, "very much as if this fight were over."

It was. In the last half-minute of the round Mickey purposely left himself open to one of those round-house rights. But this time, he stepped inside it when it came, and his gloves came up like pistons ahead against Maggio's chin. One—two—three, the last a straight left to the button with the whole

IN THOMPSON'S SPA, Jerry O'Donovan, center, holds political chat with Councilor John Dowd—who plays himself. Jerry enjoys confidence of many of state and city leaders

force of Mickey's [illegible] body behind it.

The heavy fell of the Beacon fighter [illegible] as if in a light [illegible] to the canvas, where [illegible] horizontally [illegible] and [illegible]. The sandman [illegible] Maggio. He was [illegible] sweet joys in his hee and [illegible]

[illegible] Sheila saw Big Gus had been his cigar in two. He was [illegible] over his far shoulder. [illegible] was [illegible] that the new order was lately [illegible]

Her concern now was to get hold of Mickey before he left. Again, she appealed to Brad.

"Certainly," he said. "I imagine I can get you any man in the building just by saying you want him. But why this O'Donovan particularly?"

Sheila broke into a giggle that wasn't far from hysteria.

"I I forgot," she said, wiping tears away. "He isn't O'Donovan. He's [illegible] Mickey." And [illegible] bubbled anew.

• • •

For once, Brad's aplomb was shattered. He stared at her a [illegible] then at Tindy and finally at Mickey, who was getting out of the ring.

"The [illegible] Mickey," he exclaimed. He turned to face [illegible] "Your [illegible] father is nobody else but Mike Kelly's brother. [illegible] Mickey." His dazed gaze [illegible] back to [illegible] "Poor old Mike! [illegible] a good thing he's got a good [illegible] to look after him." He [illegible] Sheila's apology.

"No, I understand. All you said was that he wasn't [illegible]. And that's true. You stay here. Sisters aren't welcome in dirty dressing rooms. [illegible] Mickey [illegible] at [illegible] Anyway [illegible] how he gets so [illegible] it [illegible]."

With a last [illegible] he was gone.

He did not notice, nor did Sheila, that Big Gus and his top torpedo had hurried out a moment before.

But the importance of that departure became apparent when Brad [illegible] found [illegible] Sheila, [illegible] to Brad [illegible] preparing to climb into a big car with Mickey [illegible] Brad blocked the way.

"If you're gonna do business with me, Kelly," [illegible] Big Gus [illegible] I'm set to [illegible] tract [illegible]

Mickey was [illegible] at Brad. It [illegible] the [illegible]

But Sheila [illegible]

"Excuse me," [illegible] I [illegible] lessly, stepping [illegible] grabbing Mickey [illegible] sleeve. "What's [illegible] how?" She [illegible] Big Gus straight in his [illegible] brother [illegible] to talk to me."

CHAPTER 6

BIG GUS surveyed [illegible] ty and determined face with a mixture of admiration and [illegible]

"Who your sister?" he demanded of Mickey.

[illegible] as if Maggio had just connected with another of those rights to the head. Puzzled and a [illegible]

"But what's the big idea, Shea? This fellow here" indicating Brad "bounces into the showers and broad A's me to a song and dance about somebody looking for me. But I didn't tumble it was you. Say, what you doing her anyhow, Shell?"

Big Gus's gaze was fixed on Sheila, greedily drinking in her youth and loveliness. The racket boss had a weak spot for Sheila's type—the kind he couldn't have.

"You was in the same row as me," he said to her. Then to Brad, "so was you. I peg you now. When you showed up down there in the lockers I thought you was after this boy, trying to sign him up. You ain't, huh? Because I'd [illegible] first [illegible] ever hear of Gus [illegible]

[illegible] Morrick's contemptuously.

"I didn't know I resembled a [illegible] Mickey [illegible] by [illegible]

• • •

[illegible] said a [illegible]

"Talton," he repeated. "Huh. That's a hot one on me. An' I pegged you for a bogan hanifier." He laughed loudly. "Old Cab Talton's boy. You don't know it, fella, but I saved your hide one time. [illegible] Mickey [illegible]

"I'm afraid you still have me pegged wrong," said Brad, eyes [illegible] about it sometime. And, as for your dad, ask him if he knows Big Gus Morrick." His face heavy with a child wisdom, he let his appraising

"SHEILA, THIS IS Brad Talton, of Harvard," says Patsy, as trio meet by chance at Park street under.

SHEILA AND BRAD find dancing congenial at the Town Club.

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Liberty 3445. Can you remember that number?"

"You bet-cha, Mr. O'Donovan," said the newsboy, from the corner of his mouth.

"The devil!" said O'Donovan. He [illegible] took a last look at Greefy's prostrate figure and jumped for his cab. By the time the policeman arrived, he was lost in traffic.

* * *

Policeman Frank O'Neil yanked the fallen Greefy up by his coat lapel.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

Various versions were offered by the crowd that had gathered after Jerry had the situation well in hand.

[illegible]" Then to Greefy. "Well [illegible]," I know the fellow" [illegible] He [illegible] at the jam- [illegible] up, I haven't [illegible]

[illegible] a dirty silk handkerchief [illegible] and wiped [illegible] Both his [illegible] rapidly.

[illegible] "Skip it, [illegible]

[illegible] Move along, you folks. You're [illegible] traffic. And [illegible] somewhere and [illegible]"

[illegible] him a venomous [illegible]

[illegible] blows had knocked the [illegible] of self-preservation back into [illegible] and he wasn't tangling with [illegible] on any cheap rap like [illegible]

[illegible] down the line of [illegible] steady from Jerry's [illegible] muttered to himself [illegible]

The [illegible] watched him go with [illegible] eyes.

"[illegible] that cop that [illegible]" newsboy asked him.

"[illegible] rat!" was the reply. "[illegible] make that big guy? Jerry O'Donovan the swellest fella [illegible]. Why say, he's coached us free for the last four years up at the West [illegible] club! I'd kill any lug [illegible]!"

* * *

Sheila did not exactly strictly obey [illegible] her to leave [illegible] a little way off, and [illegible] jump on [illegible] went by, [illegible]

[illegible] to herself "[illegible] And away down [illegible] she made [illegible] she [illegible] Mr. Jerry O'Donovan [illegible] to make him [illegible]

[illegible] on the [illegible] saw it was [illegible] meet Patsy. [illegible] little breathless, [illegible] entrance. Patsy was waiting outside the [illegible] Patsy, whose [illegible] were always wandering [illegible] wonderful.

All [illegible] were wondrous to Patsy. Patsy was sixteen. And [illegible] of all was that the world was full of well-[illegible] men.

[illegible] was slim and [illegible] was blond and [illegible] have Sheila's beauty, but she provoked an impulse [illegible] as you'd pet a [illegible]

"[illegible]" she cried, "such clothes at the Met. You should see [illegible]!"

"[illegible] to me about clothes. I've been having adventures!"

As they waited for the train, [illegible] told Patsy of her experience.

"[illegible] to hurry," she ended. "I want to be home when Jerry [illegible]. What [illegible] colossal!"

Patsy wrinkled her nose.

"You can have him. You'll never dare to look at another man if you marry that big ape."

"That wouldn't be such a hardship," [illegible] Sheila.

Patsy looked at her sister curiously. She loved her, but Sheila seemed a little old-fashioned at times.

* * *

The train from Cambridge shot in with a diminishing high whine, and the doors flew open. One young man, however, made it plain he had no intention of getting out on the far side. He was getting out on the center platform where Sheila and Patsy were standing. He was pretty stubborn about it and, when the inside doors finally opened, he came charging out like a star halfback. His eyes were on Patsy.

"Stay! This is a break! No notion I'd see you again so soon."

Sheila drew a deep breath. Were all the fast workers in Boston picking on her today? But Patsy cut short her [illegible] remarks by [illegible] and saying:

"Hiya, Brad!"

"[illegible]!" says the starter.

"Patsy! C'mon on."

"Wait [illegible]!"

Air hissed and the doors rumbled to. For a moment speech was drowned in the train's departing [illegible].

"Well?" The newcomer looked at Sheila. There was startled guilt in Patsy's face.

"My sister," she finally managed. "Mister Mister Talton. Brad."

Off came the young man's hat. A nice head of fair, short-cropped, crisply curling hair was revealed.

Everything about him was obviously expensive. The guards coat, the Homburg, the gray suede gloves. He was, perhaps, [illegible], and his shoulders were a little more than adequate. So was his smile. His cheeks were a [illegible].

He wasn't drunk, Sheila decided, but he was getting up a good edge.

"I am bowled over," he told her; "[illegible] and prostrate practically prone on my ear, to discover so much beauty in one family."

Patsy giggled. Sheila frowned.

"I," she announced very coolly, "don't believe that was worth making us miss our train."

Gray, challenging eyes surveyed her [illegible].

"If [illegible] annoyed can make you [illegible] Miss Kelly I [illegible] up [illegible] of time to think how lovely you'll look when you're pleased. Ladies, I'm on my way to meet a girl at the Copley, but I'll call it off [illegible] if I can persuade you both to come and eat."

Sheila said, "No thank you," and heard, with delight, another train.

"Too, too bad!" he said, and [illegible] he was really disappointed.

The train swept in.

"Goodbye, now, Brad!" cried Patsy.

"[illegible]" the [illegible] was earnest.

Patsy [illegible] back a bit from [illegible]

"I won't, Brad," she [illegible] and then they were [illegible] car.

[illegible]

"Yes, I [illegible]. And [illegible]"

"[illegible] up."

"What's the difference? They were [illegible] Not [illegible] like the fellows [illegible] night [illegible]. They were lots of fun, both of them, Brad and Whit. He's Brad's roommate. Honest, they weren't very tight."

"Heavens!" said Sheila, "I hope not!"—as the train slowed for South Station Under.

"And so we had our fun, and Brad and I made a date."

"So that's what he meant!"

"Friday. [illegible] or something. I told him I had to [illegible] home early. [illegible] you aren't going to be mean?"

If Sheila was mean she was consistent about it all the way to Andrew [illegible] and [illegible] they waited for the City Point car and on the walk to their home on [illegible].

"[illegible]" protested Patsy as they reached the [illegible] "You don't seem to understand. I'm growing up!"

[illegible]

"[illegible] You [illegible] sister, try [illegible] most of [illegible] You try—well [illegible] the point, Patsy, [illegible] promise me you won't keep that date, or any later one [illegible]—I'll have to [illegible] you [illegible] and tell the whole story to Pa!"

"You w[illegible]!" [illegible] Patsy had a [illegible] anger of [illegible] Patsy Kelly [illegible] the Boston [illegible]

"P[illegible]" cautioned Sheila. "Mickey's coming."

Mickey was [illegible] years older than Sheila and four years younger than [illegible] of the [illegible]

He was working at a filling station on Columbia road, but his dream was the professional ring. The [illegible] was Patsy. [illegible] didn't want him to be a fighter.

"Hiya?" he saluted them. "Wait.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR PAUL KELLY never dictated to prettier stenographer than Sheila. Lieutenant-Governor plays himself in photo.

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

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I've got something to tell you. Vince has run out on Del, and she's coming back to live with us. Little Timmie, too. The folks are all [illegible]. How's that for news?"

"Oh!" Sheila looked as if she herself had been [illegible]

But a soft smile played around Patsy's lips. [illegible] now. She could keep her date with Brad.

She didn't know Sheila was already making [illegible] of her own [illegible].

CHAPTER 2

[illegible] was a simple [illegible] — [illegible] rooms [illegible] two of the [illegible] were [illegible]

[illegible] from the [illegible] his shift at the [illegible] seven and [illegible] next morning.

He was [illegible] than his son Mickey [illegible] had wasted away [illegible] frame, and there was a [illegible] to his powerful jaw. He [illegible] older than his 50 years. [illegible] his eyes, which were clear as the eyes of [illegible]. They were eyes you knew would look steadily into any danger.

And had. The danger of being despised and misunderstood by his friends, among others. [illegible] Barney Kelly knew those [illegible] days back in 1919 that he was waiting until the city was safe [illegible] his striking comrades. He'd [illegible] hours before they got him, and well for his [illegible] that he'd already turned in his coat and badge. But it was a cruel battering he took, and it left him scarred in more than body.

"You're late, girls," he said to Sheila and Patsy. Then to Mickey, "I'll be having a word with you, son."

From the kitchen, where they hurried to learn from their mother the details of [illegible] domestic [illegible] grave [illegible] Mickey's [illegible]

• • •

[illegible] at Harry [illegible] A [illegible] with [illegible] when [illegible] to make [illegible]

Mickey's [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] around a prize ring. Or getting knocked around by them, for all I know."

• • •

"What about Sheila's great Jerry O'Donovan?" and Mickey [illegible] a sneer in it. "I [illegible] a couple of [illegible] up in a year at his law [illegible]"

She [illegible] after the [illegible] of the afternoon.

"[illegible] He's doing all right. And [illegible] two of you."

"Be quiet!" ordered their father. His stern [illegible] moved toward [illegible] "I've more [illegible] been hearing [illegible] to time now. [illegible] the [illegible]"

"[illegible]" [illegible] answered his wife [illegible]

"[illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible]

• • •

[illegible]

It was [illegible] and Mrs. Kelly [illegible] South Boston [illegible] enough for anybody."

Sheila noticed with [illegible] the errant Vince [illegible] her puzzle. Though [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] Of course [illegible] You wanted [illegible]

"[illegible]"

[illegible]

STEPS TO ROMANCE! Brad and Sheila descend steps at Widener Memorial Library at Harvard as Sheila is escorted through yard by her gilded suitor.

SHEILA MET BRAD in Liggett's, on Tremont street, to tell him he must not cultivate acquaintance of her young sister, Patsy.

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Jerry were still on the phone . . . He knew [illegible] like that . . . Wait . . . there was Patsy.

A[illegible] a glimpse of her mother's stricken face.

* * *

Patsy was sprawled on the bed [illegible] English wasn't her strong point. [illegible] him. [illegible] wonder [illegible]

As she saw Patsy's manifest de[illegible] Mickey. [illegible]

* * *

[illegible] Mickey K[illegible] the [illegible]

The ticket taker surveyed her [illegible]

"[illegible] two dozen [illegible] side there tonight and half of 'em are named Kelly if you believe their managers. You better beat it down to the dressing rooms. Or wait—" he looked at her again—"no. I don't guess that would do no good [illegible]." He searched his pockets. "Wait a minute. I had a program [illegible]"

"But I can't wait!" said Sheila desperately. "I've got to see him now. I've got—"

[illegible]

"If you're talking about me I'm [illegible]"

It wasn't Mickey, though. It was Brad [illegible] He was very much accompanied by a girl leaning on his arm. Back of him, [illegible] was Whit Prentiss and with W[illegible] graceful woman who somehow re[illegible]

CHAPTER 5

[illegible] who looked and didn't look like Brad, very poised and observant [illegible] Wendell [illegible]

Then her eyes turned back to Brad. [illegible] Who was th[illegible] Probably Jane Prentiss. [illegible] "But you're wrong, Mr. Talton. I wasn't looking for you."

Brad refused to be discouraged.

"I wasn't strictly looking for you [illegible] now we're all here we might as well make the most of it. Miss Kelly, Miss Prentiss. And Miss Kelly [illegible] And my sister Trudy, Mrs. Wendell. And Whit of course. Now who are you looking for?"

"Mickey," said Sheila. "My brother."

The gateman interrupted. He knew class, or thought he did.

"Excuse me, Miss. I been thinking maybe I can locate your brother?"

"Great," said Brad. Then to [illegible]

"[illegible]" said Sheila, with a warning glance at Patsy. "Not very. Big enough to take care of himself."

[illegible] to his sister. "Trudy, if you str[illegible]"

"Of course!" Trudy Wendell—Mrs. E. Tucker Wendell on social [illegible] a perfect [illegible]

* * *

Sheila could feel Patsy nudging [illegible] But she hadn't come to the Arena [illegible] Patsy. Nor Brad Talton.

"It's nice of you, Mrs. Wendell," she said, "but you see my [illegible]"

[illegible]

"[illegible] excuse me," he said. "I [illegible] and I'm sure Miss [illegible] Haddock will [illegible] a boxer around [illegible] You see the dressing rooms are thoroughly a man's department."

Sheila thanked him.

"That was George Freeman of the [illegible] Athletic Association," the gateman said. "You can bank on him."

"Smart boys in some of these Arena cards," observed Brad. "I learn things."

Brad supplemented his sister [illegible] the way to [illegible] the bright particular star of the Harvard boxing team. He isn't, but he might be if he trained."

"Every knock is a boost," said Brad. "The truth is I'm like Mickey [illegible] I don't have to train."

"Yes," said Trudy. "You and Mickey [illegible] twins."

"I meant the fight he won," explained Brad.

As they started off with Jane and Whit [illegible] Sheila [illegible] they both took boxing [illegible] a good program at the Arena [illegible] Garden.

Jane [illegible] seemed to have a general [illegible] of what it was all about. It [illegible] Sheila [illegible] her father's disapproval of Mickey's ring ambition.

[illegible] Yet she recognized the [illegible] the atmosphere. The deep hum of [illegible] the compressed odor of fresh dust, sweat [illegible] occasional roar to shouts of applause or disapproval . . . all were strange and slightly disconcerting.

"I adore seeing men really [illegible]"

[illegible]

* * *

[illegible] Trudy watching her face, light with pleasure, lips parted, eyes [illegible] for you. Watch yourself!"

Jane Prentiss said little. She [illegible] who knew how to [illegible]

[illegible] at the end of a [illegible]

[illegible] Mickey [illegible]

Sheila hoped he was right. With Mickey off her mind she could [illegible] of the experience.

She wondered how Jerry was getting [illegible] meeting. If she could have called him into the situation she probably never would have come to the Arena. Nor met Brad again. Nor Trudy ever. Nor Jane Prentiss.

Jane, who wasn't engaged to Brad apparently and who certainly didn't [illegible] she did have a possessive way of looking at him. She felt a little [illegible] Jane Prentiss. It seemed [illegible] evident that Brad Talton, for all [illegible] wasn't a safe person to get possessive about. Then she [illegible] Jane and decided [illegible] might not be so safe [illegible]

[illegible] didn't make any difference [illegible] Brad was nice and [illegible]

* * *

The lightweights finished in a [illegible] The crowd booed. [illegible] enough [illegible]

"What do they want, a massacre?" disgustedly inquired a pew [illegible]

Turning, Sheila saw [illegible] head tightly between arrogant full lips. Then she became aware he was watching her too. [illegible]

"[illegible] was a poor reason, darling," said Brad. "The mug with [illegible] Big Gus M[illegible]"

"Gus Morr[illegible]!" Sheila knew now why she too had found the face [illegible]

[illegible] might bet [illegible] His business was [illegible] profitable [illegible] bigger [illegible]

* * *

What she didn't know, what she had no way of knowing, was the [illegible] Big Gus to trail [illegible] Greefy Koopman. And as a matter of fact she'd done her best to forget that evening on Tremont Street close by the Common when Jerry's timely arrival and heavy fists relieved her of Greefy's unsought attentions.

It was the kind of thing she didn't like to remember.

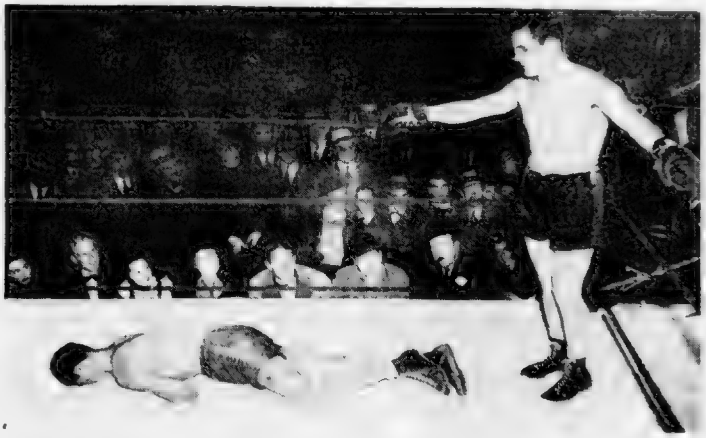
"Now," bawled the announcer, "we're [illegible] a very special event in the form of a 10-round bout between Young Maggio of Revere and a South Boston boy, Brian O'L[illegible] [illegible] Maggio now. [illegible]" A wave of [illegible] drowned [illegible]

[illegible] O'L[illegible] [illegible] Mickey Kelly was [illegible]

[illegible] under this name.

* * *

Then she knew. [illegible]



MAGGIO TAKES the count from Mickey Kelly while, at ringside, Jane Prentiss, Brad, Sheila, Patsy, Whit, Greefy and Big Gus watch with mingled emotions.

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

Love and Drama in Modern Boston

BRAD CRAMMED A bill into the newsboy's hand when Sheila bought her Boston Evening American. Sheila long remembered the look on the youngster's face.

[illegible] with beautiful Jane Pren[illegible] of the [illegible] and Bradford Cabot Ta[illegible] of Boston [illegible] and Harvard. [illegible] there is a [illegible] the marriage [illegible] two of Boston's oldest and wealthiest families."

[illegible] the page angrily.

"And [illegible]" she thought, her [illegible] anew.

• • •

Gathering clouds [illegible] the [illegible] of the Kelly household. For the first time in her [illegible], Sheila saw her mother worried and uneasy. [illegible] visits to church [illegible] Ma Kelly [illegible] wearing her [illegible] expression of gay serenity [illegible] that made her ever [illegible] happy, [illegible].

Hers was a [illegible] faith in the [illegible] goodness of things. It might be shaken at times but never for long. Not when there was an unceasing [illegible] at which she could replenish it. That was one reason the Barney Kellys had not joined the migration of some other old South Boston families to Dorchester, to West Roxbury, to Jamaica Plain.

She [illegible] own heart was none too light. She felt badly about Jerry. When nearly a week passed with no word from him she wondered if she'd made a mistake in not taking Brad up that evening. Of course, Jerry would call and apologize in time. But in the meantime life was a [illegible] and that was one thing Brad Tabot [illegible] wasn't. She hoped Jerry wouldn't [illegible] too long.

Delphine's arrival with little Tommy [illegible] the atmosphere [illegible] Boston was [illegible] and [illegible] As for the [illegible] Vance, Delphine [illegible] conviction that he would [illegible] both repentant and con[illegible].

"[illegible] hasn't got a lick of sense," she said frankly, "but he has got a [illegible] of landing on his feet. And [illegible] crazy about Tommy."

[illegible] domestic [illegible] up [illegible] turned [illegible] was not entirely Vance's fault. [illegible] had spent [illegible] money [illegible] to impress her neighbors, and Vance, after running through a [illegible] inheritance, had turned to [illegible].

"[illegible] it was his number pool," [illegible] Delphine. "Then it was horses, and [illegible] he got to [illegible] after [illegible] I just told him I [illegible] want a man around who [illegible] crazy enough to [illegible] best bookies and bondes[illegible]."

• • •

Delphine had rented the Jamaica [illegible] house furnished, but most of the rest had to go to the mort[illegible] and her idea was to get a [illegible] as soon as she could. Sheila [illegible] if she realized just how [illegible] they were to get.

[illegible] from [illegible] on his [illegible] Delphine, after all, but all [illegible] been spent [illegible].

[illegible] evening [illegible] came home [illegible] her job at the State House [illegible] her small nephew sur[illegible] by a group of [illegible].

"[illegible] off here?" she [illegible] [illegible] her way [illegible] Tom[illegible] tormentors had but a red-[illegible] from next [illegible].

"He's [illegible]" Tommy declared. "[illegible]" He [illegible].

[illegible] his head in sad [illegible].

Sheila [illegible] Tommy and [illegible] the house.

"What [illegible] mean, Tommy [illegible]?" she demanded when [illegible] the door. "You [illegible] afraid of them, are you?"

T[illegible] his head. Now he was freed [illegible] the [illegible] began to flow.

In [illegible] Sheila got the story. It seemed Tommy had been instructed that [illegible] What[illegible]ever Tommy was going to be, Delphine wasn't [illegible] to let him be that. So Tommy had spent the first [illegible] of his life in [illegible] of the pleasures of a friendly scrap.

[illegible] was the [illegible] new boy in a strange [illegible] any part of [illegible].

"Well," said Sheila, "[illegible] to me. I [illegible] for [illegible]. I thought it was [illegible]."

She [illegible] that [illegible] Delphine [illegible] was that Tommy received a few primary lessons in self-defense from Mickey.

To Tommy's credit let it be said that he [illegible] Casino [illegible].

Sheila was glad Mickey had something to divert him from his [illegible] the [illegible].

As a matter of fact it was Mickey not Delphine who was the cause of Ma Kelly's [illegible]. Or rather Mickey's [illegible] to his father two [illegible] was contesting.

Mickey had received another offer to turn pro, with a guarantee of more money than he would ever make squirting gasoline into auto tanks.

He wouldn't tell who'd made the offer, lest his father contact some old political friend and stop the deal. And Barney Kelly for his part, had decided to bring the matter to a showdown.

"The next time you fight in public will be your last while you're living in my house," he declared. "It's not that I'm against fighting in a good cause. But fighting for principle is one thing, and fighting for profit's another."

And that was why Ma Kelly sometimes looked tired and frightened. Because she knew her husband was a man of his word and she was afraid her son would make him keep it. [illegible] oftener than usual, and prayed longer.

Time was when [illegible] have done more when [illegible] Barney Kelly down. But not since the trouble that [illegible] on him in the police strike, the beating that had changed the whole course of his life, and left him subject to dark, unreasonable moods that were only aggravated by any kind of opposition. Ma Kelly understood that. It was part of the hurt to his body and his pride. But Mickey was too [illegible] to understand, and, too head[illegible] she feared [illegible].

• • •

Only Patsy remained sublimely [illegible]affected by the storm hovering over the family. Every school [illegible] to South Boston High, and every af[illegible] laughter and [illegible].

[illegible] of course, in Sheila's account of her meeting with Brad. And Sheila, [illegible] kept the incident in the subway station. She couldn't quite trust Patsy to see that as it happened.

Characteristically, Patsy was [illegible] by her sister's failure to [illegible] Brad's prof[illegible] evening of [illegible].

"Think of it!" she [illegible] rolling her eyes [illegible] passing up a chance for [illegible] party! And [illegible]."

Sheila answered [illegible].

"[illegible] right. Don't you see [illegible] it is, [illegible] were [illegible] Vin[illegible]cent [illegible]." Then [illegible] to Jane [illegible].

Patsy [illegible].

"I'll take [illegible] of [illegible], w[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] to the R[illegible] So common! [illegible] these awch[illegible], they [illegible] me. I cawn't fancy what people see in the things, Sheila, those girls aren't so hot."

Sheila shook her head.

"You're making differences where they don't exist, Patsy," she said. "[illegible] a girl like Jane would naturally have more in common with Brad. It isn't a question of social distinction or breeding. It's more a matter of money. As far as ancestors go, I'm sure we can trace ours as far back as the Tabots."

"[illegible]" said Patsy, "anyhow, I'll bet you've got more vamph than any of [illegible]."

It was a new [illegible] on Sheila. And even [illegible] how to [illegible].

"Anyhow," she [illegible], "you got it [illegible] haven't [illegible] makes the boys goggle-eyed [illegible] plain yum[illegible]. And you don't [illegible]

• • •

[illegible] how he'd [illegible] aged it through the State House [illegible] Jerry was [illegible] the [illegible] in high [illegible].

On both occasions she politely but resolutely declined to see him [illegible]tioned Jane Prentiss. That seemed to stop him.

Then, finally, she answered the phone and it was Jerry. Though [illegible].

He was [illegible]. Whatever she'd done it was all right. He was [illegible]. He'd [illegible].

"[illegible] find [illegible]."

But she melted before the real [illegible].

"Listen," he said, "I'm crazy to [illegible] State House [illegible] And [illegible] was [illegible] That [illegible] she could [illegible] meeting [illegible].

As [illegible] from the [illegible].

[illegible] wed ho[illegible].

He went [illegible] the door after [illegible].

She [illegible] That could mean [illegible] Mickey was [illegible] That night. . . . W[illegible] wished

"MY BROTHER signs nothing I haven't seen first!" Sheila tells Big Gus Mornick, as she pulls Mickey away from Mornick's car.

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

Love and Drama in Modern Boston

[illegible] on the edge of the bed, her [illegible] in a welter of lit- [illegible]

[illegible] "I suppose [illegible] but he is nice. [illegible] maybe I [illegible]" yawned. [illegible]

"I [illegible] what [illegible] when he [illegible] Tremont street [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Patsy [illegible] when [illegible] Friday [illegible] what. [illegible] quite [illegible]

[illegible] Brad [illegible] ex- [illegible]

[illegible] in a [illegible] wiped [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Jimmy [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] Sheila [illegible] that I [illegible] keep this [illegible] half [illegible] Maybe [illegible] Patsy's [illegible] and [illegible] part [illegible]

[illegible] flat, [illegible] at the nearest window. As quickly, it was [illegible]. He looked back at her, [illegible]

[illegible]" Her eyes were [illegible]

[illegible]" Brad was purposely [illegible] had [illegible]

[illegible] It amused her [illegible] But she had [illegible] the strange feeling [illegible] reputation ex- [illegible] Tremont street experience with [illegible] Koopman. It [illegible] of [illegible] for her. And [illegible] was [illegible] at the [illegible]

[illegible]

Brad [illegible] He had [illegible]

[illegible] for a [illegible] suggested, softly. "I [illegible] see you [illegible] something else on [illegible] mind. That fellow looking in [illegible] been annoying you?"

"[illegible] mind. It isn't a thing."

"[illegible] I do mind." Sheila noticed a [illegible] in Brad's face, a certain [illegible] "I don't like germs [illegible] at people like you. It [illegible] happen. What's it all [illegible]"

"[illegible]," said Sheila, des- [illegible] "just a fellow that tried" [illegible] found herself [illegible] she had treated the in- [illegible] as [illegible] "Oh please let's forget it."

[illegible]

"[illegible] Except that when [illegible] out of here I'm going to [illegible]"

* * *

[illegible] Patsy [illegible] was [illegible] And [illegible]

[illegible] yourself in the [illegible]"

"But don't [illegible]" Sheila [illegible] for Patsy [illegible] You [illegible] con- [illegible] eral idea, I guess. So good night and—goodby."

When she reached the door, she found Brad was still beside her, opening it.

"I said good night."

"I heard you. But I'm afraid you'll have to stand me for a block or two. Purely as a [illegible] measure—protection against window-germs."

He fell into step beside her.

Provoked and silent, yet vaguely glad, Sheila had walked a half block before she [illegible] that her steps were [illegible] street and [illegible] toward the State House.

* * *

[illegible]

[illegible] Let's hurry [illegible]

[illegible]

important as the fact that her hat was saved.

"I wonder how long it's going to last," said Sheila, gazing out at the scurrying pedestrians.

"Not long [illegible] another [illegible]" Brad [illegible] thoughtfully. "That [illegible] gives me an idea. [illegible] important [illegible]"

[illegible]

* * *

[illegible]

[illegible] I suppose [illegible]

[illegible] what I [illegible] in the [illegible]

[illegible] and atten- [illegible] a corner [illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] in

JOHN HARVARD never saw finer trysting pair than Sheila Kelly and Bradford Cabot Talton.

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

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SHEILA GOES TO Police Commissioner Timilty, begging his assistance in the matter of her brother Mickey. Though Mickey's grown, Sheila considers him still a boy.

Southie. You're Harvard and Beacon street."

Brad ordered—a highball for himself, coffee and hors d'oeuvres for Sheila.

"I don't quite get it," he said, "Somehow I never thought of South Boston as being a prohibition center."

* * *

Sheila laughed.

"It isn't. Any more than Harvard. And you can find plenty of drinking among girls, too. But lots of us don't. Do you know where we'd be now—you and I—if we were in Southie?"

"No. Where?"

"In Joe's Spa, on Broadway, drinking sodas." She enjoyed his grimace of horror. "It doesn't sound very hot, does it?"

"No-o-o," admitted Brad. "And still—you go there. Just where is it?"

"You wouldn't want to know. You'd stand out there a little too much. But you see what I'm getting at?"

"I think I do," said Brad. "It sounds more like a small town."

"That's just it. And that's why I didn't want Patsy to see you again. And didn't want your car coming around to our house. And—everything."

* * *

Brad nodded slowly.

"You know," he said, "you're pretty swell to tell me this much. You could just as well have advised me to go lay an egg. It was coming to me, wasn't it? You're all right."

Sheila liked the new expression on his face, and her smile said so.

"But listen," he pressed, his eyes on here, "I'm not a complete burglar. I mean I've got certain points. You're right about Patsy, I guess, but I don't like this idea of not seeing you again." Intensity crept into his voice as well as his gaze and posture. "There's something you do to me, Sheila Kelly. Something—well, maybe it's more like one of Joe's sodas than a highball, but it's all right. And I'm going to feel pretty lousy if this is the end of it."

His hand reached across the table, almost touching hers, a fine, brown, sensitive hand, generations removed from hardship, but still strong and capable. She found herself liking the set of his crisp hair, the half-playful earnestness of his manner—a lot of things she hadn't noticed when she first saw him.

She let her fingers rest where they were, enjoying the proximity of his touch, feeling something pass over that narrow space between hand and outstretched hand.

Then, all at once, she became conscious of eyes watching her, and looked up quickly to see Jerry O'Donovan.

He was standing on the other side of the lounge, his broad, powerful body towering above the bar. There was another man with him—and she recognized State Representative Johnny Troy of South Boston. But Jerry O'Donovan wasn't looking at his bar companion. He was looking at no one but Sheila and Brad.

CHAPTER 3

Too late, Sheila remembered the Parker House was a favorite resort of people in the Boston political game. She was acutely conscious of how near she was to playing handsies across the table with Brad. Jerry wouldn't be overwhelmed with delight about that.

As gracefully as she could, she withdrew the hand and flashed Jerry a smile which meant to say, "Hello, there. Come over to the table and I'll explain."

Apparently, though, it wasn't Attorney Gerald O'Donovan's day for understanding the smile language. His heavy black brows beetled a little closer together and after giving Sheila the slightest of nods, he turned back to his bar companion.

"Well!" said Sheila Kelly. "For goodness sake!"

Brad eyed her questioningly over his brandy and soda.

"Something wrong."

"I'd say so." Her voice wavered between astonishment and indignation. "I hope he chokes on that ale!"

* * *

Brad followed her glance.

"He's big enough, all right. What's the matter with him?"

"He had the nerve not to see me!" Between rage and surprise, Sheila was almost tearful.

"Plain case for an oculist," said Brad. "Does it make any particular difference?"

"Well,"—Sheila was regaining her poise—"it certainly isn't very nice. Considering he's a very particular friend of mine."

"No fooling?" Brad surveyed the oblivious Jerry with deeper interest. "I'd say that was peculiar, not to say eccentric. Did he ever do it before?"

"What? Of course not."

"Maybe it's something about me," suggested Brad. "The company I'm in."

Sheila gave her small head a quick shake.

"No. Jerry's not that way. I've never known him to act jealous. That's why it knocked me over." She stared resentfully at Jerry's broad back, her blue eyes speculative. "Well, if he feels that way about it, all right! I'll see he never gets the chance again."

"That will be perfectly satisfactory to me," said Brad. He offered her a cigarette. "I don't suppose you smoke."

"Not ordinarily. But in this case I almost would. Just to shock him."

* * *

Sheila knew she should go. But that might give Jerry too much satisfaction. So she did the next best, or worst, thing, which was to pay Brad a good deal of attention.

Twice, she caught Jerry glancing at them and, each time, his look was darker. But it was not until his companion had left that he finally turned from the bar and walked over to their table.

"Hello, Sheila," and even in those simple words there was an intimation of the deep, driving force in the man. Brad Talton felt it, and he looked up quickly.

Sheila's voice was cold, her glance unfriendly as she answered:

"Hello."

Amusement twitched a corner of Jerry O'Donovan's straight mouth.

"You're fit to be tied, Kelly," he said. Sheila's friends had a way of calling her by her last name at times. Jerry particularly. "Don't you know why I didn't come sooner? The gentleman with me might have misunderstood your political backing if he saw you meet me. In other words, I was guarding your job."

Some of the chill left Sheila's eyes.

"I thought you were putting the skids under me," she said.

Jerry laughed deep and long, tiny wrinkles gathering about his eyes. When Jerry laughed like that it was easy to understand why, at 26, he was leader of his party faction.

"You'll be the death of me, Sheila Kelly!" he said. He addressed himself amiably to Brad: "Can you draw a picture of me putting the skids under her?"

Sheila hastened to introduce them, and Brad joined her in urging him to sit.

"Thanks," said Jerry. "I'll do that. Only for a minute. I'm on my way to a rally. I don't suppose you're interested in politics, Mr. Talton?"

"Not much," said Brad, shortly. He wouldn't have cried if Jerry had remained at the bar.

"Brad's still in school," supplemented Sheila. "Harvard."

A quick gleam in Jerry's eyes told he had got the "Brad." But his voice was still friendly as he said:

"Well, with me, school and politics went together. I was in politics before I went to B. C. and I've never been out of them since. It's fun, Boston politics. By the way, you wouldn't be related to Cabot Talton?"

"In a way. I'm his son."

Jerry's thick brows climbed.

"And you're not interested in politics. You'll excuse me, Mr. Talton, but that's a bit surprising."

Brad looked bored. It struck him Jerry O'Donovan's minute was lasting a long time.

"My father's been out of politics quite a while," he said.

* * *

Jerry looked at him quizzically.

"Well, yes," he rejoined, "I suppose that's true. He hasn't run for office since they beat him for governor. Still, Mr. Talton, strictly among us politicians, we don't regard your father as being without influence."

"I wouldn't know about that." And Brad did his best to make plain he didn't care.

"I see," said Jerry. "You may change your mind. There's young Lodge. Who'd have thought he'd go into the political game so strong? And your brain-trust boys out there on the Charles—the Frankfurters and the like—all making political history. You know, Mr. Talton, there was a time when you Yankees ran about all the politics there was in Massachusetts. And I've a notion some of you younger fellows may take a whirl at it again—though I'm afraid you're not going to find the sledding so easy."

Brad surveyed him coolly, sizing him up. And Sheila, smiling, watched them both. She could sense their instinctive hostility—and she knew, too, it arose from something deeper than any jealousy of her. It was something that went far back to ancestral roots, before the first Cabots and Taltons came to this country in Mayflower days, before the first O'Donovans—all in good time and soon enough for their destiny—followed.

Sheila's sympathy lay with Jerry, whom she had known so long, who was of her own faith and people. But she would have been less than woman and a very feminine, alluring young woman if she had not also perceived the qualities of this relative stranger, Bradford Cabot Talton, whom she had met for the first time a hour before. Not merely his good looks, nor his pleasingly casual manner, but a certain easy, confident strength. He gave the impression, somehow, that he would be a person of consequence, even if he were not Brad Talton and heir to all the name implied.

She waited to see whether Brad would take up Jerry's challenging implications that the Cabots and Taltons would never again be the political rulers of New England. But Brad only nodded abstractedly, finished his drink, and motioned to a waiter.

"Take Mr. Donovan's order."

Jerry arose.

"Thanks. Not a thing. I'll have to be getting along."

His eyes were full of unspoken questions, and his face was less cheerful than it tried to be. "Well, I'm leaving you in good company, Mr. Talton. There's not a prettier girl in Boston than Sheila, nor a finer one. But I guess you've already found that out."

"Yes," said the younger man, softly, "We agree on that."

"But Jerry"—protested Sheila, for she had no idea of letting him leave with all those questions unanswered—"do you have to go right now? I wanted to tell you something." She was going to mention Greefy's face at the drugstore window, and that would lead up to how she'd met Brad in the first place, which, of course, was what Jerry wanted to know.

* * *

Unfortunately, she didn't get the chance. As Jerry hesitated, a chubby young man, hatless and cheerful, entered the room with two older men, both wearing convention badges.

"Hi, there, Brad," he called, and hurried to the table, waving his companions to the bar.

"Hello, Whit," said Brad, without enthusiasm.

Whit Prentiss happened to be past the point where he was to be deterred by the frigid tone of his room-mate.

"Never spected to see you here," he declared, in the short hand of the alcoholized. "Least of all each s'peth company. Beth chaperoning pair of country cousins. From out Detroit, some place like that. Here for the convention. Told them go Ritz, Copley—no, Parker House. It's the rods. Let 'em take care selves now."

"Run along, Whit," said Brad. "You're too far ahead of us."

Whit grinned an all-inclusive grin that took in Brad, Sheila, Jerry, and his deserted relatives.

"Most unusual for Brad to put on house like that," he said. "Must be special occasion."

"It is," said Brad.

"All right. I'm going." He started away, then turned back. "Just one thing, Brad—special question." He lowered his voice, but not enough. "Ever see anything more of that girl—what's her name, Kelly—we picked up other night?"

Brad's reply was lost in Jerry's heavier:

"Pardon me, Talton. I'd advise your pal to button up his lip before somebody buttons it up for him. Goodnight, Miss Kelly!"

* * *

Brad was on his feet swiftly.

"Hold on, O'Donovan. I'd rather

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SHEILA, LEFT, and Patsy Kelly walked briskly along Broadway, South Boston, at Ninth, on their way home to supper.

you didn't leave here with any mistaken notions."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jerry angrily.

Whit Prentiss interrupted. His tone was grieved.

"Won't button my lip," he said. "Not for people I don't know."

Brad turned on him.

"Well, you know me, and you'd better."

Jerry stood glowering at them both. His big fists were closing. Sheila intervened, her voice edged with wrath.

"You go peddle your papers, funny boy," she said to Whit. Whereupon the heir to the Prentiss millions, surprisingly retired. Then to Brad. "You sit down." And, finally, to Jerry. "I don't care for the way you said Kelly just then, Mr. O'Donovan. That's my name. Is there anything you don't like about it?"

The truculent jut of her dainty chin was a match for Jerry's. Gazing miserably into her blazing eyes, he realized he'd gone off the deep end. But pride made him stubborn.

"Yes, there is," he said doggedly. "I don't care for this pickup stuff, Sheila, if you want to know."

Sheila rested her chin on the back of a white hand as she gazed up sidewise at Jerry, challenging and deeply angry. "That's about what I thought you meant," she said. "And I don't like it. I don't like it worth a cent. But since that's how you feel about me"—her voice shook a little as she continued—"you can just keep right on calling me Miss Kelly the rest of your life. Or, for that matter, perhaps it would be better if you didn't talk to me at all."

* * *

Jerry looked, and was, dazed. Like many a born leader of men, he was anything but a born understander of women. He'd come into the Parker House to have a quiet glass of ale and a little political chat. He'd been dumfounded at encountering Sheila and more dumfounded on learning the identity of her escort. But he'd managed well enough until this drunk. Whit cracked about picking her up. That made him see red. And now his whole world—or the most important part of it—was crashing around his ears.

For Jerry O'Donovan was not a man of light feeling. He'd loved Sheila almost from the day he met her at a Boston College-Holy Cross game, and he'd scarcely given a thought to another girl since. True, it hadn't reached a formal betrothal. But that, as Jerry saw it, was only because they both had unshakable family responsibilities, and it would be a year or two before he could take on added financial burdens. She understood that because he'd included her whenever he talked of his hopes and ambitions—his clear-cut plans for their joint future. Yet here she was looking up at him as she might look at a stranger, telling him she never wanted to speak to him again.

He seethed with a bursting rage. He'd liked to have smacked Brad over with one punch.

But a rising your lawyer with his eye on public office couldn't do that kind of thing. Not in Boston, not in a crowded place of entertainment, two blocks from the State House. Politics had taught Jerry there were times to turn rage into action and times to keep it bottled up. Times to apologize, even when you knew you were right. He made an effort.

"I guess," he said to Sheila, "I didn't exactly mean." Then he caught, or thought he caught, a certain, supercilious, amused gleam in Brad's eye. He choked: "Good night," he grated, and, turning abruptly, marched out of the room.

* * *

Sheila's eyes followed him to the door. She turned back to Brad with a look of blank amazement.

"I'm sorry." His voice was grave. "Shall I go after him and bring him back?"

"No!" Sheila's indignation returned. "Who does he think he is—Mussolini?"

"You understand about Whit, of course. He was along the night I met Patsy. He didn't have a notion you were you. He's cock-eyed, anyhow. He's not a bad egg. Whit, ordinarily. He just can't carry it."

"Oh, I understand." Sheila's eyes were brooding. "A perfectly natural mistake. Jerry wasn't so wrong at that."

Brad smiled inwardly. Being right was one thing and rubbing it in was another. What he said was:

"Well, don't let it blight your evening. The night hasn't cut its teeth yet. There's some place you'd like to go. How about a show? Or we could drop in somewhere and paddle around a dance floor? Something tells me you'd be slick at that."

Yes, Sheila thought, she'd be slick all right. She loved to dance, and there wasn't much about it that she didn't know. Thanks chiefly to Patsy and Mickey, because Jerry was just a middling straight dancer. And there were plenty of places she'd like to go. But—not with Brad Talton.

"What say?" urged Brad. "Do we go places?"

After coming down town especially to tell him off! Hardly!

"Thanks for saving me a duckling," she said briskly. "But whether it's still raining or not, it's time I got home."

Brad's face fell.

"Lady, have a heart. Think of the fun we'd have."

"No." She put a surprising amount of finality into it. Then, because Brad looked so young and disappointed, she was moved to be kind. "You've been pretty sweet," she said, "and I do think you'd be fun."

He warmed to her smile. Anybody would have.

"Well, that's a help. Does it indicate by any chance that you might try me out at some future date? I'm wide open to any proposition along that line."

"I could think it over," Sheila temporized, not meaning it, but not wanting to hurt him.

"Swell. If you need any advice, let me know." He was looking happier. "What do I do now? Put you on the subway again? Do you know, I'm getting to have a hearty dislike for subways."

Outside the kiosk, a sad-eyed newsboy spotted them with an unerring eye. While Sheila was digging for change, Brad stuck a bill in the boy's hand. Sheila took the paper.

The train was a long time coming and Brad renewed his persuasion. At least he could drive her home.

But Sheila was unwavering. She stood before him, slim, tempting, lovely—and as inaccessible as the Pleiades.

Possibly that was why, just as the train was ready to pull out, while she was saying goodbye, while she was entirely unprepared, he bent and kissed her squarely on the lips.

Then he was standing clear of the train, smiling, his head bared, saying:

"Sorry. Couldn't help it."

A grinning trainman shushed the door to, and the train plunged on its way.

CHAPTER 4

Brief as was Brad's kiss, it left Sheila's lips and cheeks burning. She wished she could have him in the train long enough to make him understanding she hadn't liked it.

Sheila's standards about things like that were high. They were the standards she'd learned from her mother and her teachers. Like most girls, she had the veneer of a modern sophistication, but it was only a veneer.

That was one of the reasons she had been attracted to Jerry O'Donovan. He wasn't "silly" as were so many of the boys of her own age. Jerry's emotions ran deep. He respected her, and the things she believed in.

That unexpected kiss from Brad was so fleeting that it hardly outraged anything deep in her. But it made her think less of him. It put him in a class with a certain type of young people who adventured into the dangerous region of "heavy necking," as they called it.

It was just the kind of thing she was trying to save Patsy from—light caresses, frivolous mockeries of real love. Not that there was any harm in Patsy. But she was so gay, so trustful of the happiness of life, that there was always the danger she might forget the things she had been taught.

* * *

Sheila was sure now she'd been right in meeting Brad herself, even though she'd not found him as easy to handle as she'd expected.

She felt humiliated at not having read his intention. And yet she couldn't be deeply angry at him. Her naturally sympathetic heart made allowance for the difference in their view of such things.

Probably, the girls he knew weren't so particular. She knew there were girls who regarded kissing as mere social routine, and thought boys were dull if they didn't at least try.

She was glad she'd firmly resisted Brad's suggestion they go dancing. Though she felt pretty sure he'd be a swell dancer. She could tell by the way he carried himself—a good deal like Mike.

With a kind of easy, cat-like grace which still wasn't cat-like at all. Hadn't he said something about being on the Harvard boxing team? Maybe that was it. Mike said you could tell a good boxer by watching him walk.

* * *

Somehow, he reminded her of Mike in other ways, even though they were physical opposites. They had the same way of looking very grown up one minute and not grown up at all the next. That might explain why she couldn't bring herself to stay angry at him over that kiss.

Well, he wouldn't get away with it so smoothly the next time—if she ever saw him again. Meanwhile, she'd thought about him enough—too much, for that matter. She turned to her paper. And even that made her think of Brad. She liked the way the newsboy's eyes had brightened when he saw that bill.

But her approving memory of the incident vanished when, halfway down the Boston American's "Girl About Town" column, she read:

"For matching pairs, there has been nothing this social season to

AT FURTHER TABLE: Whit, Sheila and Brad are confronted by Jerry O'Donovan, Sheila's sweetheart, and Representative John E. Troy, Jr.

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BRAD CRAMMED A bill into the newsboy's hand when Sheila bought her Boston Evening American. Sheila long remembered the look on the youngster's face.

competes with beautiful Jane Prentiss, of the Beverly Printisses, and Bradford Cabot Talton of Beacon street and Harvard. If as reported, there is a tacit engagement, the marriage will unite two of Boston's oldest and wealthiest families."

Sheila turned the page angrily.

"And he had the nerve to kiss me!" she thought, her cheeks flaming anew.

* * *

Gathering clouds darkened the usual bright skies of the Kelly household. For the first time in her 19 years, Sheila saw her mother worried and unsure. Only after her visits to church did Ma Kelly return wearing her normal expression of gay serenity—a serenity that made her ever young, ever happy, ever understanding.

Hers was a complete faith in the ultimate goodness of things. It might be shaken at times, but never for long. Not while there was an unceasing fount so near at which she could replenish it. That was one reason the Barney Kellys had not joined the migration of some other old South Boston families to Dorchester, to West Roxbury, to Jamaica Plain.

Sheila's own heart was none too light. She felt badly about Jerry. When nearly a week passed with no word from him, she wondered if she'd made a mistake in not taking Brad up that evening. Of course, Jerry would call and apologize in time. But, in the meantime, life was a little dull, and that was one thing Brad Talton distinctly wasn't. She hoped Jerry wouldn't sulk too long.

Delphine's arrival with little Tommy brightened the atmosphere momentarily. Sheila's older sister was not too broken up over leaving her house in Jamaica Plain. South Boston was friendly and good, she declared. As for the missing Vince, Delphine retained a strange conviction that he would return both repentant and conquering.

"Vince hasn't got a lick of sense," she said frankly, "but he has got a knack of landing on his feet. And he's crazy about Timmy."

Their domestic split-up, it turned out, was not entirely Vince's fault. Delphine had spent too much money trying to impress her neighbors, and Vance, after running through a small inheritance, had turned to gambling.

"First it was his number pool," said Delphine. "Then it was horses. And finally he got to chasing after women. So I just told him I didn't want a man around who was crazy enough to think he could beat bookies and blondes, too."

* * *

Delphine had rented the Jamaica Plain house furnished, but most of the rent had to go to the mortgage, and her idea was to get a job as soon as she could. Sheila wondered if she realized just how hard they were to get.

Little Timmy probably suffered the most from the shift in his family's fortunes. Ninth street was home to Delphine, after all, but all Timmy's young life has been spent elsewhere.

One evening, Sheila came home from her job at the State House to find her small nephew surrounded by a group of neighborhood youngsters.

"What's coming off here?" she demanded, sweeping her way through the ring. Most of Timmy's tormentors fled, but a red-haired, eight-year-old, from next door held his ground.

"He's yellow," the red-head declared. "He won't fight. Will he?" He appealed to a comrade.

The boy shook his head in sad confirmation.

Sheila picked up Timmy and marched him into the house.

"What did those little boys mean, Timmy, dear?" she demanded, when she had him inside the door. "You're not afraid of them, are you?"

Timmy shook his head. Now he was freed from public view the tears began to flow.

In disjointed fragments, Sheila got the story. It seemed Timmy had been instructed that "only little roughnecks" fought. Whatever Timmy was going to be, Delphine wasn't going to let him be that. So Timmy had spent the first eight years of his life in sublime ignorance of the pleasures of a friendly scrap.

Primarily, though, his problem was the problem of any new boy in a strange neighborhood, in any part of a large city.

"Well," said Sheila, "that's news to me. I never knew it was a disgrace for boys to fight. I thought it was natural."

She carried that matter to Delphine, and the upshot was that Timmy received a few primary lessons in self-defense from Mickey.

To Timmy's credit let it be stated that he took to the short course in fisticuffs like a duck to water.

Sheila was glad Mickey had something to divert him from his brooding mood of resentment—the outcome of another clash with his father.

As a matter of fact, it was Mickey, not Delphine, who was the cause of Ma Kelly's sad preoccupation. Or rather Mickey in relation to his father—two stubborn wills contesting.

Mickey had reserved another offer to turn pro, with a guarantee of more money than he would ever make squirting gasoline into auto tanks.

He wouldn't tell who'd made the offer, lest his father contact some old political friend and stop the deal. And Barney Kelly, for his part, had decided to bring the matter to a showdown.

"The next time you fight in public will be your last while you're living in my house," he declared. "It's not that I'm against fighting in a good cause. But fighting for principle is one thing, and fighting for profit's another."

And that was why Ma Kelly sometimes looked tired and frightened. Because she knew her husband was a man of his word and she was afraid her son would make him keep it. So she went to church oftener than usual, and prayed longer.

Time was when she'd have done more when she'd have faced Barney Kelly down. But not since the trouble that came on him in the police strike—the beating that had changed the whole course of his life, and left him subject to dark, unreasonable moods that were only aggravated by any kind of opposition. Ma Kelly understood that. It was part of the hurt to his body and his pride. But Mickey was too young to understand, and, too headstrong, she feared, to endure.

* * *

Only Patsy remained sublimely unaffected by the storm hovering over the family. Every school morning she tripped off lightly to South Boston high, and every afternoon she returned full of new laughter and adventures.

She'd been feverishly interested, of course, in Sheila's account of her meeting with Brad. And Sheila, playing fair, had told her everything—everything, that is, except the incident in the subway station. She couldn't quite trust Patsy to see that as it happened.

Characteristically, Patsy was chiefly impressed by her sister's failure to smash at Brad's proffered evening of fun.

"Think of that!" she sighed, rolling her eyes mournfully. "Passing up a chance for such a swell party! And the way you like to dance!"

Sheila answered, shortly:

"I did what was sensible and right. Don't you see how it is, sweet—we just amuse him because we're more natural than his Vincent Club girls. We're a novelty." Then she exhibited the item speculating on Brad's possible engagement to Jane Prentiss.

Patsy found that worth a sniffle.

"I'd take a chance against any of those society dames," she said, wrinkling her small, snub nose scornfully. "Dyah me!" Her fresh, young voice assumed a fatigued nasal whine. "I shawn't be going to the Revee-ay-rah this wintah. So common! Jeeves, remove these awchidds, they annoy me. I cawn't fancy what people see in the things. Sheila, those girls aren't so hot."

Sheila shook her head.

"You're making differences where they don't exist, Patsy," she said. "It's just that a girl like Jane would naturally have more in common with Brad. It isn't a question of social distinction or breeding. It's more a matter of money. As far as ancestors go, I'm sure we can trace ours as far back as the Taltons."

"Well," said Patsy, "anyhow, I'll bet you've got more yumph than any of them."

It was a new one on Sheila. And even Patsy wasn't sure just how to define it.

"Anyhow," she explained, "you've got it, and I've got it too, only I haven't got so much. It's what makes the boys goggle-eyed. Just plain yumph. And you don't necessarily get it by having ancestors that came over with the sacred cod-fish."

"I'm not sure I want it," said Sheila, gently.

* * *

But Brad Talton apparently thought she had something, because he phoned the Kelly home twice within the week, though he obeyed Sheila to the extent of not calling in person. He didn't say how he'd got the number, but Sheila rightly concluded he'd managed it through the State House. Jerry was evidently right about the Taltons still having influence in high places.

On both occasions, she politely but resolutely declined to see him. The second time she casually mentioned Jane Prentiss. That seemed to stop him.

Then, finally, she answered the phone, and it was Jerry. Though her heart leaped, she kept her voice cool.

He was full of apologies. Whatever she'd done, it was all right. He was a man, a lunkhead. He'd never make a break like that again.

"It took you a long time to find it out," said Sheila.

But she melted before the real contrition in his tone.

"Listen," he said. "I'm crazy to see you, but I'm all tied up tonight. You know how close it is to election. But I'll call you at the State House first thing tomorrow, sure. And we'll have lunch together. Is that a go?"

Of course it was. Sheila was laughing when she hung up. That was Jerry all over. Not so romantic, but reliable. Yet . . . she found herself wishing he could have dispensed with his political meeting just for that night.

As she turned away from the phone, she had more reason to wish it. Her father was saying:

"Moira, I know the boys planning to defy me tonight. And it will be the last time."

He went out heavily, closing the door after him.

Sheila was terrified. That could mean only one thing—Mickey was going to fight somewhere. That night . . . Where? . . . She wished

"MY BROTHER signs nothing I haven't seen first!" Sheila tells Big Gus Mornick, as she pulls Mickey away from Mornick's car.

When a Cabot Loves a Kelly

Love and Drama in Modern Boston

down on the edge of the bed, her forehead puckered in a worried little frown.

"Oh, well," Patsy sighed. "I suppose you're right. But he is nice. And so is Whit. Well, maybe I can live—some day." She yawned. "Turn out the light."

In the dark, she giggled.

"I was just wondering—what Jerry O'Donovan will say when he hears you've kept a date with Bradford Talton of the Beacon street Taltons."

"Nothing, of course. He'll understand perfectly."

From the darkness, full of elfin mockery.

"Oh, yeah?"

Silence for a while, then Sheila's voice.

"Patsy."

"Uh-huh?"

"It's going to be nice having little Timmie with us, isn't it?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"He's such a darling. I always wanted a baby brother, anyhow. Of course, Timmy's eight, but he's sweet."

"When I start getting all fussed up about babies," rejoined Patsy sleepily, but with deep conviction, "they'll be my own."

In view of that, Sheila decided she might as well go to sleep, too.

Brad was poking at gadgets on the general utility counter when Sheila clicked into Liggett's Friday night, her chin uptilted in resolve to tell this Harvard playboy what. She fancied she looked quite threatening. Actually she looked more like a mildly provoked petunia.

Probably that was why Brad didn't look as frightened as she expected. Instead, he removed his hat, bowed, and said pleasantly:

"You're not Patsy, but you're decidedly acceptable."

"You might take that back in a minute." Sheila lifted her brows in a way that should have wiped him from the earth. She couldn't know it only made her appear more maddeningly bewitching.

"I'll never take it back," he assured her. "The best I can do is amend it. You're not only acceptable. You should be compulsory. You're a cinch course in loveliness."

Sheila experienced a yearning to dislocate that look of happy adequacy.

"You're not fooling yourself," she said sweetly, "with the notion that I'm here to pinch-hit for Patsy?"

Brad shook his head, watching her with growing approval.

"They don't use Jimmy Foxx to pinch hit."

"I'm glad that's clear." Sheila was finding her mission harder than she expected. "The rest is that I wouldn't let my sister keep this date because I didn't think she had any business making it. Maybe you'll think I'm a stick, but Patsy's only in high school, and you're—she broke off suddenly, gazing past him.

Brad turned quickly, following her startled glance, and saw a flat, evil face pressed against the nearest show window. As quickly, it was gone. He looked back at her, puzzled.

"Did you see it?" Her eyes were wide.

"Sure." Brad was purposely casual. "Looked like it had escaped from somewhere."

Sheila bit her lip. It annoyed her to be frightened. But she had not yet got over the strange feeling of horror and repulsion excited by her Tremont street experience with Greefy Koopman. It was as if he carried a message of ill omen especially for her. And there could be no doubt it was his pallid face she'd just seen at the window, leering in ghastlingly.

"I was saying," she resumed, desperately, "that you're"—

Brad broke in. He hadn't missed that look of swift dread.

"Suppose we forget about me for a minute," he suggested, softly. "I can see you've something else on your mind. That fellow looking in here—he's been annoying you?"

"Never mind. It isn't a thing."

"But I do mind." Sheila noticed a new look in Brad's face, a certain taut eagerness. "I don't like germs staring at people like you. It shouldn't happen. What's it all about?"

"Nothing at all," said Sheila, desperately. "Just a fellow that tried"—but she found herself ashamed to tell Brad she had roused the interest of anything so loathsome as Greefy. "Oh, please, let's forget it."

Brad gave a short nod.

"Forgotten. Except that when you go out of here I'm going to trail along, if you don't mind. Or, for that matter, if you do."

* * *

Sheila regretted her momentary start at the window apparition. Things weren't turning out right. Somehow, this whole business of "telling Bradford Talton off" was not turning out to be as enjoyable as she had expected. She might as well break it up.

"No," she said, "you mustn't. And I'm going right now. Because I think you understand everything—don't you?"

Brad's smile returned.

"About Patsy, yes. But you're not in high school." He stopped her retort. "One moment. I'm not going to run the risk fo making you sore at me. I'm just going to say — please don't include yourself in the prohibition."

"But don't you see"—? Sheila was going to ask if he didn't see how she'd look—breaking up things for Patsy and fixing them up for herself. But he'd find that too satisfactory. "Oh," she broke off, "there's no use talking to you. You wouldn't understand if I took hours to explain. But you get the general idea, I guess. So good night and—goodby."

When she reached the door, she found Brad was still beside her, opening it.

"I said good night."

"I heard you. But I'm afraid you'll have to stand me for a block or two. Purely as a hygienic measure—protection against window germs."

He fell into step beside her.

Provoked and silent, yet uneasily glad, Sheila had walked a half block before she realized that her steps were carrying her across Tremont street and automatically toward the State House.

* * *

It would be silly to turn around. And, at the same time, she had no earthly reason for continuing up the hill. Time enough for that next morning, when she'd report for work with the rest of the typing force.

A drop of rain resolved her hesitation. She noticed for the first time the haziness of the electric signs shining beyond the Common—sure precursor of autumn storms.

"Oh!" she said, thinking of her hat, only two weeks old. "Let's hurry."

Brad took her arm.

"The germ seems to have vanished," he said. "Maybe rain washes them away."

They had reached Tremont and Park streets when the storm really struck.

Before Sheila realized it, they were dashing across and up Tremont street together, the rain spattering at their heels. Brad swung her through a door. Abruptly, they stood within the lobby of the Parker House, gazing out at the sudden, white flood. Brad was still holding her arm, but it didn't seem important as the fact that her hat was saved.

"I wonder how long it's going to last," said Sheila, gazing out at the scurrying pedestrians.

"Not long enough—unless it's another deluge." Brad looked thoughtful. "Will it a minute—that gives one an hour. You said it would take you hours—to explain something. Something that's pretty important to me, I find. What's the matter with doing it right now?"

Sheila looked around the lobby, crowded with other rain-fugitives and with men wearing white and gold badges—inevitable convention delegates.

* * *

"Not here," hastened Brad. "Had dinner? I see. Well, here's another idea. There's a nice cozy cocktail lounge on the roof. No chance of interruptions. And, selfishly speaking, I could do with a mild snort."

Sheila tapped a slim foot, thinking. Well, why not? She wasn't sure she'd convinced Brad yet that he should stay away from Ninth street—and Patsy. It would be easier in pleasant surroundings.

"I don't drink," she warned him, as they stepped in the elevator.

His brows went up in well-bred astonishment.

"That makes you practically unique. Why?"

"Just a notion. I suppose most of the girls you know do?"

"Only what they can get."

"Well, you see, that's what I meant." They were in the lounge now.

"Meant? How?"

A waiter, deferential and attentive, had bowed them to a corner table.

"When I said you couldn't understand. Because you don't live in

JOHN HARVARD never saw finer trysting pair than Sheila Kelly and Bradford Cabot Talton.